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COMMONWEAL

CLINTON THE BOUNCE

E. J. Dionne

THE DEMOCRATS GAG CASEY

David R. Carlin

THEY HAD A DREAM
The freedom rides remembered
WILLIAM B. COOPER

THE COLDNESS OF CLARITY, THE WARMTH OF LOVE
The measure of John Courtney Murray
JOSEPH A. KOMONCHAK

CHESTERTON'S BROWN & GREELEY'S BLACKIE
Two very different detectives
A. W. R. SIPE & B. C. LAMB

MACEDONIA: Janice Broun

SUMMER WORK: Eric P. Elshtain

BOOKS

SUZANNE KEEN on Margaret Drabble
ROBERT MURRAY DAVIS & PAUL ELIE on Evelyn Waugh
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CORRESPONDENCE

Debts abounding

Hampton Bays, N.Y.

To the Editors: A passage in the article by Charles K. Wilber ["How We Lost Our Shirts," June 19, page 14) refers to the "heavy borrowing.... necessary to finance the ballooning federal deficit...some [estimate] that payments on interest alone may reach over $50 billion a year."

Compare with this passage in the June 22 issue of *U.S. News and World Report* (page 25): "1993 amount budgeted for interest on the debt: $315 billion."

Who is right? JOHN POWER

The author replies:

Both. The total interest on the national debt is estimated at $315 billion. The passage in my article cited by Mr. Power was concerned with the interest, estimated at $50 billion yearly, on that portion of the federal debt that is owed to foreigners. For reasons explained in the article, a side effect of this foreign indebtedness is to increase the U.S. trade deficit.

CHARLES K. WILBER

Targets of straw

Urbana, Ill.

To the Editors: I suppose that if I were to meet David R. Carlin, Jr., on the street, he would quickly label me one of "the proponents of Yuppie liberalism" [column, July 17]. I might be wearing a Cultural Survival T shirt, discussing the need to use condoms against HIV infection, talking about gay rights with my mother, twice divorced. These signals would be enough.

Carlin, it seems to me, reduces many diverse movements and millions of people into six neat paragraphs; in doing so, perhaps to demonstrate beyond question that he is no relativist, he declines to acknowledge the real complexity of the issues he raises. I am interested in exploring cultural differences and differing viewpoints. That does not make me a subjectivist, for I have distinct beliefs about what is right and wrong. To be interested in other people's beliefs is not to be immoral or amoral, or concerned only with individual freedom, or "rigorously neutral" with respect to the role of religion and morality in the public realm. Carlin's easy categorizations have a rigid and dogmatic character.

Toward the end of his column Carlin may have hinted at some important points about the difficulty of raising a family under current social conditions. I would have been more informed and challenged had he pursued this theme; instead, he opted for a diatribe against a series of stereotypes, warning us, in all too familiar ways, of secret conspiracies and dangerous intellectual elites preying on the minds of the unknowing populace.

KEVIN CAROLLO

Law & morality

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I found your editorial on the Supreme Court's ruling upholding *Roe* v. *Wade* ["Liberty for Some," July 17] as disheartening as you found the ruling itself. You argue that this "tortuous moral problem" should be resolved through the legislative process, that is, through laws passed by individual states. But our government has never been entitled to solve moral problems through legislation—that is one of the fundamental principles of our nation that conspicuously distinguishes us from totalitarian states. After all, the population problem is also a "tortuous moral problem," perhaps the most tortuous one of all (unless you don't consider the threat of human extinction a matter of morality). And yet I doubt you would defend the idea of dealing with this problem legislatively by, say, making laws prohibiting families from having more than two children.

MARIE WINN

The editors reply:

We think our correspondent overreaches when she echoes the slogan, "You can't legislate morality" (used so often by opponents of civil rights legislation) to rebut our critique of the *Casey* decision. In reality legislatures in free societies regularly enact into law and endow with coercive force the generally shared moral convictions of their peoples; witness laws that punish segregation and discrimination, not to mention inside trading, usury, libel, murder, theft, and drunken driving.

But Ms. Winn may have intended to argue only that not all moral norms should be enacted into law. If so, we agree, and we're inclined to use the occasion of her letter to explain why. She is right, for example, that we would oppose a law seeking to diminish population pressures by punishing couples for having too many children. Of the many reasons to oppose such legislation, one is both relevant and sufficient: it would not command anything like a supporting consensus.

So also with abortion. With others, we believe that the human fetus deserves the protection of civil society; we hope for the day when the gravity of ending life in the womb, for whatever reason, will once more be generally understood. Until that day, a law criminalizing abortion, even if it could be enacted, would be widely disobeyed, would generate contempt for all

(Continued on page 36)

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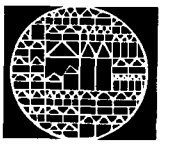

CONTENTS

Volume CXIX, Number 14

Correspondence 2
Editorials 3
Hey, the '80s are over: *E.J. Dionne, Jr.* 5
Is Macedonia next?: *Janice Broun* 7
Summer work: *Eric P. Elshtain* 8
Sit down & shut up: *David R. Carlin, Jr.* 9
What the Orthodox say: *John Garvey* 11
They had a dream: *William B. Cooper* 13
Poetry: *John Perrault* 15
June Frankland Baker 27
The coldness of clarity, the warmth of love: *Joseph A. Komonchak* 16
Chesterton's Brown & Greeley's Blackie: *A.W.R. Sipe, B.C. Lamb* 18
Art: *Lee Siegel* 25
Stage: *Gerald Weales* 27
Screen: *Richard Alleva* 28

BOOKS

The Gates of Ivory: *Suzanne Keen* 30
The Interior Castle: *Irving Malin* 31
Evelyn Waugh: *Robert Murray Davis* 32
Waugh discovers America: *Paul Elie* 32
Killing the Wizards: *Madeline Marget* 34
Care of the Soul: *James Neafsey* 35

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No happy outcome

Thousands of people in Bosnian towns and cities live under siege. The spectacle evokes a medieval war, yet its horror is graphically transmitted around the world. News accounts, photos, and TV footage force us to confront the plight of ordinary citizens in ordinary places being shelled, shot, burnt, and murdered for no other reason than that they cling to their homes and their homeland and resist the madness of something called "ethnic cleansing." For ordinary people everywhere else it is not hard to make the empathic leap and ask: If them, why not us? The Serbian forces have clearly violated every moral and legal norm in their cruel and unremitting attacks on Bosnian civilians.

Nothing yet devised to end the carnage seems to work: international sanctions against Yugoslavia, international rejection of Serbian pretensions to pose as the successor state, UN flights to relieve the looming starvation of the people of Sarajevo, visits from world notables, and numerous, but failed, cease-fires. The UN commander in Sarajevo, Major General Lewis MacKenzie, accuses both Bosnians and Serbs of prolonging the fighting. British Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd and Lord Carrington, representing the European Community, have both seemed to speak as if a Serbian victory is inevitable and that the Bosnians are at fault for failing to enter political negotiations with their tormentors.

The history of this part of the world has given us the word "Balkanization," used everywhere to characterize the internecine struggles of ethnic and national groups that end in partition, fragmentation, and bitter memories which fester and then feed the next round of hostilities. Serbians justify their siege of Eastern Bosnia with the recitation of centuries of betrayal, sacrifice, and warfare with all of their neighbors. When General MacKenzie and the British evenhandedly blame all parties for the current hostilities, they refer to this long history. They remember, after all, that it was Gavrilo Princip, a Serb, who assassinated Archduke Ferdinand in 1914, and launched the mad slaughter of World War I. Any European with a sense of history would hesitate to imagine an easy resolution of the Balkan question, for this history cannot be erased.

Yet, at the moment it is the Serbs of Yugoslavia and a minority of Bosnian Serbs who are terrorizing a multi-ethnic civilian population including other Bosnian Serbs, Muslims, and in some areas Bosnian Croats. The siege of cities and towns must be brought to an end.

Two means have been proposed for doing this. The first, currently in effect, is to punish Yugoslavia with an economic embargo, to encourage the resignation of Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic, and to keep the Bosnians from starving. The second, mightily resisted by the West, is to open fire against the Serbian militias in Bosnia and to silence the guns shelling Sarajevo and other towns. For a variety of political

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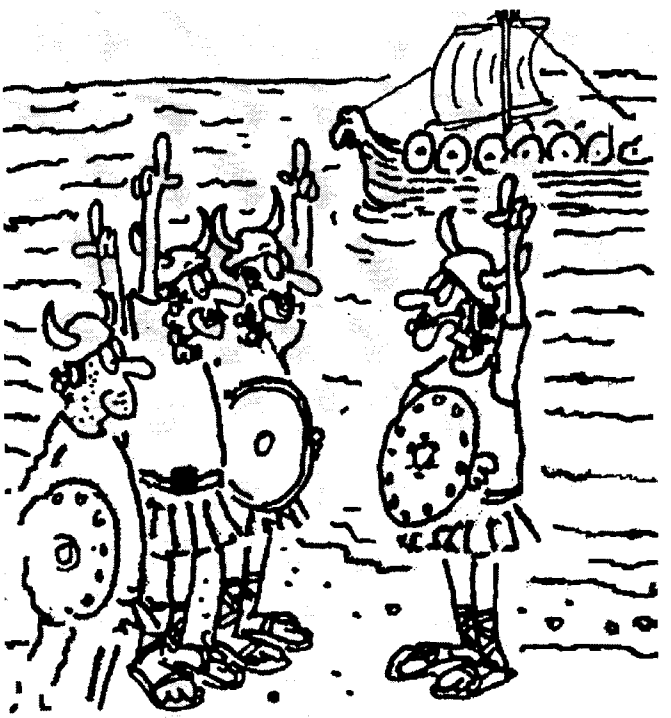
and military reasons, this is a step no major power seems willing to take.

The structural and financial weaknesses of the EC and the UN hamper efforts either to force negotiations or to end the hostilities. This international weakness is magnified by the domestic political troubles of Helmut Kohl, François Mitterand, and George Bush, all of whom, in better times, could have collectively appealed for international resolution of the fighting. Nor can the citizens of any Western nation easily be rallied into supporting another military effort when they remain uncertain that the last one against Iraq is really over. Moreover, it is difficult to gauge the potential of military action. Pleas to "take out" the Serbian artillary shelling Sarajevo and other Bosnian towns with air strikes proposed what appears to be a strictly limited military move. Yet no military strategist seems to think that will end the killing. Even if successful, they argue, bomb and missile attacks would only further incite the Serbs, perhaps to turn to guerrilla warfare, which would then lead to calls for Western ground troops. Vietnam, Afghanistan, and even Northern Ireland have been cited as examples of the dire consequences. These do not, of course, represent a unitary lesson. Northern Ireland has never been and is not now the same as Vietnam. If analogies are ever useful, perhaps a better one is to be found in the fudging of military realities and the appeasing of Germany by England and France in the 1930s.

To do nothing about Bosnia only invites more civilian deaths, an enormous increase in refugees, and further adventures by the Serbs in Kosovo and Macedonia (see pp. 8-9). That the Serbs earlier got away with these tactics against Vukovar, Dubrovnik, and other Croatian cities can only raise the specter of more to come once they are in possession of Eastern Bosnia. Stopping the shelling and ending the siege with UN- or EC-authorized air strikes by France, England, and the United States would, at the very least, lower the level of civilian carnage in Bosnia. If the Serbs should then turn to low-intensity conflict, and some form of guerrilla tactics, history suggests that those Muslims, Serbs, and Croats who favor an independent Bosnia will know how to respond in kind. This would not be a happy outcome, but it seems the least destructive of the alternatives, both for the Bosnians and for all of those ethnic hot spots waiting to see whether the international community will at last develop the will and evolve the mechanisms for stopping wholesale civilian slaughter.



"And all those in favor of pillaging...."

GREEN TICKET OR THICKET?

Will Al Gore be the William K. Reilly of a Clinton presidency? Thanks in large part to Clinton's selection of Gore as his running mate, the Democrats have laid claim to being the environmental ticket. But will they deliver the goods? Witness our environmental president: too often he has hung Reilly, his own EPA chief, out to dry, along with the environmental commitment he made in 1988.

Clinton's choice of Gore was shrewd. As David Rosenbaum noted in the *New York Times* (July 11), "On environmental issues, Quayle curbed the rules and Gore wrote the book." The book is *Earth in the Balance: Ecology and the Human Spirit* (Houghton Mifflin), Gore's best-selling "green" manifesto, published earlier this year. For an American politician, it is an uncommon work of scholarship and passion, this campaign's literary equivalent of *Profiles in Courage*.

Gore's championing of the environment is not a newly minted enthusiasm. In fact, his environmental interests may have cost him the nomination for president in 1988. At that time, George Will was but one who derided Gore's environmental emphasis as peripheral to the voters' concerns. He may have been right then, but 1992 is a different story. At least it ought to be. As Gore writes: "We must all become partners in a bold effort to change the very foundations of our civilization"; and to achieve that, "the time has long since come to take more political risks."

Does Bill Clinton share Gore's vision? What risks is he willing to take? So far—apart from his choice of Gore—there is little to indicate any great depth in Clinton's environmental convictions.

Why might 1992 be different from 1988? In the past four years the physical-biological world has changed dramatically before our (smarting) eyes: shifts in climate; the death of inland seas; famine in the wake of deforestation; the puncturing of the ozone layer; the rapid disappearance of species; and the pollution of even the deepest of the high seas. All these environmental degradations are the effect of cumulative, complex, worldwide forces that are economic, technological, and demographic in nature. Now, in 1992, we see that nature's breaking point is nearer than we thought.

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Poverty and privation, population and pollution, production and war preparation: these are the crux of our social crisis and point up the environmental conundrum. These and other issues were discussed at length at this summer's UN conference on the environment in Rio (the conference Mr. Bush attended only reluctantly). As an official, transnational policy gathering which drew together the largest collection of world leaders ever, Rio was a watershed event in raising both human understanding of and concern for the environment.

Yet as Alan Durning writes in *How Much Is Enough: The Consumer Society and the Future of the Earth* (Norton, 1992), there is one issue that often goes neglected in environmental discussions (including UN summits), and that is the one nearest our stomachs: consumption. Durning calls it "the neglected god in the trinity of issues the world must address if we are to get on a path of development that does not lead to ruin." (The other two in the triad—population growth and technological change—generally receive attention.) "But with consumption, there is often only silence," notes Durning.

So far, Clinton is silent on consumption. He has criticized Bush for being out of touch with the times: "He doesn't understand that rising global temperatures can threaten our standard of living." But Clinton doesn't ask the harder question: whether care for the environment fits in with the current requirements for our "standard of living."

In his book, Gore has addressed the consumption element with acuity and moral intensity. Our addictive need to consume, he writes, is a mark of a "dysfunctional civilization" and it encourages a silent acquiescence in patterns that are destructive not only to the natural world but to ourselves. "I am convinced that it [the environmental crisis] is an outer manifestation of an inner crisis that is, for lack of a better word, spiritual." As an antidote, Gore recommends the biblical concept of stewardship. He might have added the practice of the cardinal virtues, particularly prudence and temperance.

This "inner" crisis has physical effects. Take the matter of who consumes what. While birth rates usually decrease as a society's wealth rises, the wealthy few cause far more pollution than the multitudinous poor. An average third-worlder accounts for the release of about one-tenth of a ton of carbon into the atmosphere per year, whereas the average American accounts for 3.5 tons. But this is nothing compared to the richest one-tenth of Americans, who are responsible for producing 11 tons of carbon per person per year. Mr. Gore's challenge—that out of environmental necessity we must become partners in changing the foundations of our civilization—requires a political and economic reordering.

In his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention, Bill Clinton chose a different theme. The most important means of revitalizing America, he said, "is an expanding, entrepreneurial economy of high-wage jobs" and high economic growth. How will this go with the vice-presidential candidate's proposals? Among Gore's concrete suggestions for keeping the earth in balance is a tax on all carbon dioxide emissions. The Democratic presidential candidate, on the other hand, has specifically rejected raising gasoline taxes, a policy even Ross Perot's economic plan recommended. Last year British Prime Minister John Major remarked that the U.S. accounts for 23 percent of the world's CO_2 emissions, and that therefore he was looking to the U.S. for "decisive leadership on this issue." Mr. Gore has been willing to offer such leadership. The question for November and beyond, however, is whether his own leader has heard this message and is willing to govern with its restraints.

"I'm afraid it's terminal—Her Majesty the Snow Queen, is suffering from global warming."

CAMPAIGN '92

HEY, THE '80s ARE OVER

THE CLINTON BOUNCE

During and after the Democratic Convention, you could not pick up your newspaper or turn on your television without hearing the word "bounce." But it was not in an ad for fabric softener. Arkansas Governor Bill Clinton, the Democratic presidential nominee, was said to have won the largest convention "bounce" in polling history. After the festivities in New York City, his lead over President George Bush soared—variously measured by the polls at between twenty and thirty points.

Don't believe it. Yes, Clinton's lead was real. And yes, he did get a lift from the convention and from his selection of Tennessee Senator Al Gore as his running mate. But Clinton started bouncing a long time before the convention. Clinton's advantages and Bush's troubles were masked partly by Ross Perot's presence. But when Perot pulled out on the night of Clinton's acceptance speech, in effect cutting his supporters loose, he not only gave Clinton a boost, he also removed the mote from our eye and allowed us to see just how much the country had turned against Bush and the Republicans. Many Perot supporters were actually Republicans angry at Bush but

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not yet ready to admit that they had shifted all the way to the Democrats. With Perot out, their first reactions seemed inspired by Gore's convention chant: "It's time for them to go!"

Bush faces a fundamental problem: All of the pillars of Republican ascendancy have been kicked out from under him. The collapse of the Soviet Union means that the foreign policy issues so important to Bush and his party matter very little to the electorate. (Even the Olympics underscored how different the world has become. How much fear can a country with something called "The Unified Team" inspire?) Worse for Bush, the declining importance of military power as the test of a country's primacy only heightened the popular sense that the United States has become less powerful in comparison with Western Europe and Japan. At stake were not dry statistics about economic advantage—not all the numbers are bad—but a national identity crisis. As an aide to the House Democratic leadership put it: "We did not realize how much we had been leaning on the Berlin Wall until we tore it down."

A long recession further undercut national confidence and took away the Republicans' single best issue, economic growth. The years 1984 and 1988, which just happened to be election years, were also years of exceptionally high rates of growth. Voters were in a fine mood by election day, which favorably disposed them toward incumbent Republican regimes. They were inclined to forgive others sins and overlook areas of disagreement. In 1992, George Bush is not so lucky.

But Republican losses are even greater than that. Their war against taxes was popular because the great inflation of the seventies took people with average incomes and drove them into what they considered to be above-average tax brackets. Local taxes were rising sharply, and local taxes, especially sales taxes, hit the middle class and the poor especially hard. Antitax populism, in other words, was not phony populism; it was real, even if the Republicans tended to be especially generous in cutting taxes at the upper end of the class structure.

Bush not only threw away the tax issue by breaking his "no new taxes" pledge. He is also stuck on the spending side. The fact is that for all the Republican antigovernment talk, a large share of government spending is popular. Republicans could talk a great antigovernment game, but when it came down to it, they couldn't cut the largest money items very much (things like Social Security, Medicare, or farm subsidies) because a lot of their own voters benefited from these programs. Ross Perot learned what he'd have to tell the voter about big-time deficit reduction—and dropped out.

And here is Bush's final problem: After running the executive branch for twelve years, it strains the credibility of a great part of the electorate for the Republicans to run against big government or promise to reform it. The question for many voters, especially the Perot voters, is this one: If government is so fouled up, what have Republican presidents been doing all these years? Bush will try to blame Congress, and given Congress's unpopularity, he'd be crazy not to. But as CNN's political analyst, William Schneider, noted, all those people did not gravitate to Perot to change Congress; they want a strong president, which is someone they did not think they were getting in Bush.

All of these factors are more important to Clinton's rise than a single convention "bounce." Little-noted polls in the late spring showed Clinton already even with or slightly ahead of Bush in a two-way contest. People paid little attention because they were looking at a three-way race involving Perot. But while no one was watching, Clinton had positioned himself to take advantage of many of the Republicans' weaknesses. His call for a small middle-class tax cut, which so troubled Paul Tsongas, was simply Clinton's way of saying that Democrats now understood the legitimacy of the average voter's anger about taxes. By calling for higher taxes only on those earning over $200,000 a year, he was sending an old New Deal message: Democrats will tax Republicans more than they'll tax Democrats. His economic program is thin on deficit reduction, but explicit about using government to do a few things that happen to be popular—and that many sober Republican business types also think are important: raising the education and skill level of the American work force in order to confront the global economy. His proposal to guarantee everyone access to reasonably priced student loans is a classic Democratic-style program; it would help the poor and be popular with the middle class.

On government, Clinton has sent two related messages: that, unlike the Republicans, he really does believe in government;

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but, unlike pre-Reagan Democrats, he understands why voters are frustrated with how government works. So he regularly attacks excessive bureaucracy and he praises Housing Secretary Jack Kemp''s ideas about tenant management and ownership of public housing, suggesting he'd be willing to use government in new ways and even steal good conservative ideas.

Finally, Clinton has talked over and over about "the forgotten middle class." That troubles some liberals, and also Jesse Jackson, since Clinton seems to be taking the Democratic emphasis off helping the poor. Clinton's lieutenants argue that this just isn't so. Broadly considered, they say that there are only two available coalitions in American politics. Either there is the middle class and the poor, with the well-off in the minority; or there is the middle class and the well-off, with the poor in the minority. If Democrats don't talk about the middle class, say these Clinton advocates, the Republicans will, and they'll win every time.

If the above argument is correct, it means that this election is structured in such a way that Clinton should win it. And that is exactly what some of the smartest Republican strategists I know actually fear. It's not that the Republican party is without a future; it's that for this election, the Republicans are largely stuck running with the past. George Bush may well have been trained to be the best cold war president we ever had. Bush's misfortune, as George Will has pointed out, is that the cold war ended on him. A triumph for the nation turns out to be a kind of personal tragedy for Bush. In the meantime, Clinton is having a great time making fun of the Republicans' incessant use of the old totemic words like "tax and spend" and "liberal," as if this were all they knew how to say. "Hey guys," Clinton seems to be saying, "the eighties are over!"

The Republicans will no doubt think of at least some ways of pulling Clinton back to earth—notably by trying to "forty-ninth" him to death, as in, "Arkansas is forty-ninth in (pick your category)." Bush still has good polling numbers as someone the electorate "trusts," and you can count on the Republicans to contrast that reputation with "Slick Willie's." The Bush slogan would be something like: "The man you can trust in a time of change." The "trust thing," as our president might call it, could also work in another way. The Republicans will first argue that Clinton can't be trusted and then say that voters therefore should not believe all the sensible, pleasant noises he's been making.

But while it's relatively easy to see the many ways in which the Republicans will go after Clinton (readers will surely think of others), it is extremely difficult to come up with a coherent approach to building Bush back up—and as an incumbent, Bush must look a lot better than he does now if he is to win. Jimmy Carter learned that unpopular incumbents have a hard time persuading voters to look badly upon their opponents. In the absence of unbelievably good economic numbers in the next three months or a deep crisis in Russia that would make Bush's approach to the world seem relevant again, voters are unlikely to change their minds about him.

Bush strategists may well prove themselves to be a whole lot smarter than I am and come up with a brilliant plan between now and November. But for the moment, I think only Clinton can beat Clinton. For the moment, he shows no signs of doing that. E.J. DIONNE, JR.

E.J. Dionne, Jr., author of Why Americans Hate Politics *(recently published in paperback by Touchstone), writes about politics for the* Washington Post.

REPORT ON THE BALKANS

IS MACEDONIA NEXT?

THE CHAOS MOVES SOUTH

As the conflagration of civil strife spreads inexorably southward through former Yugoslavia, the tinder box looks set to be lit in its southernmost republic, Macedonia. A nagging bone of contention in Balkan politics since the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire over a century ago, Macedonia lies athwart the Vardar valley, the only major feasible route between Central Europe and the Aegean. From 1878 onward, various political settlements led to its division among Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria. All three denied that Macedonians were a separate nationality, and all tried to assimilate them, originally through schools opened by their respective national churches. Macedonia contained a variety of nationalities coexisting in an atmosphere of religious and ethnic tolerance, hence the culinary word "macedoine." Today, the Slav majority, 1.3 million out of a total population of 2.2 million, is Orthodox and speaks a tongue more akin to Bulgarian than to any other Slav language. Its Vlachs, originally from Romania, are also Orthodox. Muslim Albanians, Turks, and Slav converts testify to Macedonia's five centuries as part of the Ottoman Empire. Jews fleeing the Spanish Inquisition found refuge there, and Gypsies are ubiquitous in the Balkans.

Strife over Macedonia is hardly news. In the late nineteenth century, the Ottomans lost control of the area, with Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria each laying claim to it. At one point, Greece gained

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what had been the entire Macedonian seaboard, but with the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878—which ended the Russo-Turkish War—the great powers awarded most of Macedonia to Bulgaria. Later that same year, however, they reneged and the Ottoman Empire was again awarded major control. Ever since, Bulgaria has resented having the smallest portion. Three times it briefly regained control, twice with German help. Following the Second Balkan War (1913), Macedonia was divided roughly along its present-day lines among Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria. For years Yugoslavia (formed in 1918), claimed that Bulgaria was fostering terrorism in Yugoslav Macedonia through the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, IMRO, founded in the 1890s. In 1946, Communist Yugoslavia constituted Macedonia as an autonomous federal republic. Ironically, only since the advent of communism in Yugoslavia were Macedonians actively encouraged to develop their own language, literature, culture, institutions, and even, controversially, an autocephalous (self-governing) church independent of the Serbian Orthodox. Yugoslav dictator Tito (d. 1980) established Macedonia as a separate republic to counterbalance not only Serb-Croat dominance within the Yugoslav federation but Greek and Bulgarian claims from outside. Its existence challenged Greek and Bulgarian policies toward their own smaller Macedonian minorities.

Proud of its recent transition from communism and its peaceful handling of its minorities, today Macedonia's first democratically elected government—led by the able moderate President Kiro Gligorov—desperately needs European Economic Community recognition as an independent republic. Despite satisfying the EEC's stipulations, it has failed to receive recognition because Greece, Serbia's ally, has vetoed it, alleging that Macedonia is a threat to Balkan security.

Greece claims proprietory rights over the name "Macedonia." Twenty-three hundred years ago the Macedonian kings Philip and Alexander the Great welded Greece's splintered city states into an empire extending to Egypt and India, and spread Greek culture throughout the East. Since the Slavs did not arrive in Macedonia until the seventh century, Greeks regard them as mere interlopers who have no right to usurp the name Macedonia, though they concede that an alternative like "Skopje" (its capital) would be acceptable. Meanwhile, with foreign investment in Macedonia at a standstill as the result of its unresolved status, Greece has compounded Macedonia's dire economic problems by joining Serbia in a blockade.

Serbia's current attitude is ambiguous. Although the mainly Serb Yugoslav Federal Army was pulled out in March and the new rump Yugoslavia of Serbia-Montenegro renounced further territorial expansion in its April 27 constitution, Macedonians do not feel safe. They have no reason to trust Serbian President Slobodan Milosevic. Seven months ago he proposed to Greek Premier Constantine Misotakis that Serbia and Greece partition Macedonia between them. Misotakis declined and reported the proposition to the EEC. But Greece's continued blockade could help lead to Macedonia's collapse.

In contrast to the attitudes of Greece and Serbia (and to their credit), the other Balkan powers most concerned in Macedonia's fate—Bulgaria, Albania, and Turkey—are fully aware of the dire implications of Macedonian instability. Each of these has given it formal recognition, and all three are concerned about national minorities within Macedonia, particularly Albania. (After its 1.3 million Slavs, there are about 700,000 Muslim Albanians in Macedonia, 40 percent of the population, and 100,000 Turks.)

The Albanian problem is quite complex. Many Macedonian Albanians feel little kinship with other Macedonians, and are unpopular even with Macedonia's Muslim Turks and Slavs. After 1987 they suffered considerable discrimination from the Communist government, including political trials, restrictions on their business activities, the sacking of teachers who taught Albanian, and the demolition of 6,000 house walls, violating their privacy. Though they would now admit that their lot is infinitely better than that of Serbia's brutally oppressed Albanians in adjacent Kosovo province [see *Commonweal*, July 16], they object to the new government's definition of Macedonian nationality and to the superior status accorded to the Macedonian language and Cyrillic script. Seventy-four percent voted for autonomy in a referendum they organized in January, despite warnings that it was invalid. They are volatile and potentially disruptive. Strong along the Albanian and Kosovo borders, their leaders counsel caution lest unrest bring down the wrath of the Serbs in Kosovo and another bloodbath which could spill over to Albania and Macedonia.

The Greek veto has led to increasing polarization and instability. Antagonistic nationalist groupings are emerging, with terrorist fringes, like the Albanian Unikom. IMRO, one of whose goals is the creation of "a spiritual, economic, and ethnic union of the divided Macedonian people," and whose influence is reflected in the new constitution, is increasingly influential. "United Macedonia" T shirts are selling well.

The EEC refusal to recognize Macedonia led on July 7 to the fall of the moderate government, and President Gligorov felt compelled to ask IMRO's popular young leader, Ljupco Georgievski, to form a new government. EEC ineptitude could plunge the whole Eastern Adriatic into another war.

JANICE BROUN

Janice Broun is Eastern European correspondent for News Network International.

REPORT FROM TENNESSEE

SUMMER WORK

DO TOO MANY RIGHTS MAKE A WRONG?

Stephen doesn't talk and has little control of his body. Most of the time he stays in bed or resides in a wheelchair with straps around his ankles and one wrist, shoulder braces, torso supports, and a padded half-circle at the back of his head. There is a large plexiglass tray fixed in front of him, and a padded guard placed between his thighs, pressed into his groin to keep

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him from sliding down. He uses and is used by his wheelchair. He has cerebral palsy.

In the summer of 1991 I fed him, cleaned him, pushed him around, talked with him. Our engagement, after time, went far beyond the yeses and noes he indicated with the strained movements of his head. Our rapport became a code of facial expressions, his and mine; terse sentences, mine; and an array of communicative strategies.

I met Stephen, who is fifteen, when I was working as a day-camp counselor on the campus of Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee. I had been hired by the Association for Retarded Citizens (ARC) of Davidson County as part of a pilot project being implemented in the county for the "injection" of children with disabilities into mainstream day camps. My duties in the program were first toward Stephen, then to the other children with special needs, and finally to the "normal" children.

On a typical, muggy August day, I happened to be pushing Stephen in his chair. We were moving at a clip that was close to being a jog when one of the chair's foot rests came loose and jammed into one of the small front wheels of the forward-heavy chair. We toppled, the momentum throwing Stephen forward and me into the air. When things grew still, Stephen's forehead was on the cement, the padded half-circle pressing on the back of his head, and I was lying on the ground next to him.

We administered nothing but ice until we reached the hospital. There, x-rays were taken of Stephen's neck and an abrasion on his forehead was treated and bandaged. We were instructed to look for signs of concussion. Stephen stopped crying only once, when I told a nurse to stop treating him like a child. Stephen's foster mother came to the hospital and told me that this sort of accident had happened before—the chair was old and unstable.

Back at the camp, I was advised to take a "mental health" timeout: "There's really nothing like the guilt after hurting a disabled child," I was told, and I found it strangely comforting.

Four of the seven counselors in the program had been hired by the camp rather than by the ARC. Their primary responsibility was toward the "normal" children rather than toward those with "special needs." One of these counselors, Don, was a thirty-year-old seminary student. He had been at the camp for three weeks but was still skittish around the children with autism, the eight-year-old who had had a stroke when he was eighteen months old, the two teen-agers with mental retardation, and Stephen.

The day following the accident there was a counselors' meeting with a representative from the ARC who had witnessed the accident. He brought up the question of our responsibilities toward the children, abled and disabled both, noting that all the counselors were expected to pull their weight with the children at the camp, regardless of which "entity" had hired them. The accident was "something that happens," not unlike a child falling off a swing or getting hit in the head with a softball.

At this point in the discussion, Don became agitated. He didn't want to be responsible for any situation involving a child with a disability lest he be deemed "liable." He "didn't have the ARC to protect him legally" in such a circumstance. Furthermore, why hadn't I been chastised by anyone? In fact, Don was amazed that I wasn't being sued already, or that I hadn't been slapped with at least an abuse charge by Stephen's guardians. He, too, had seen the whole thing and, as he said, it was "an image that will stay with [me] forever."

In keeping with *Commonweal*'s usual summer schedule only one issue is published each month during July and August. The next issue will be dated September 11.

For Don, responsibility translated into blame and legalities: you push me, I sue you. He saw himself as a potential victim. In his view, the individual is the owner of a certain number of rights, rights which are in tacit conflict with the rights of other similarly righted people.

Don quit working at the camp not long after this incident. But I think his concerns are symptomatic of several broader social issues: the loss of a language for responsibility and the loss of a sense of duty. The forum for resolving conflicts over varying rights is the courts. Here the atomistic terms of individual rights are reinforced by a legalistic framework. The terms used are of victims or those being victimized. Today, the "appropriate region of human liberty," to use a phrase from John Stuart Mill, has been squeezed into spaces of self-protection. But in a situation such as the one I have described, the proper field of action (Mill again) becomes quite complicated.

On certain levels, someone like Stephen needs a proxy to insure his freedom. When I saw Stephen an hour after our ordeal—after I had my timeout and after he had been fed by another counselor—he cocked his head and pursed his lips in the grimace he reserved for times when he was especially peeved. And then he laughed. He laughed at my wide-eyed look of incredulity. A joke at my expense. Where Don would have spoken of his inalienable right not to be put in a situation where there was the possibility of injury or risk, Stephen merely suggested, through his dark humor, that I be more careful the next time we decided to take a little jog.

What sort of constitution might really speak to Stephen's needs in such a case? Not one that deals merely in the language of rights and the role of victims. My arms and legs and Stephen's ensconced body were for an instant a tiny body politic, bound by responsibility and trust rather than rights and liabilities. Our "constitution" was unwritten. It understood the risks that are largely overridden by talk of rights but which are reasonable in a discourse of duty: The risk of responsibility; the responsibility of freedom unfettered by the skittishness of self-interest; the moment of Stephen's joke; the moment of a working out of the accidents that befall us; a forum in miniature; the solution that can be found when two people, or a community, or a country, are duty-bound, not rights-separated.

ERIC P. ELSHTAIN

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SIT DOWN & SHUT UP

THE DEMOCRATS' GAG RULE

As I write this the Democratic National Convention is ending in mid-July. Bill Clinton and Al Gore have been nominated, and Ross Perot has just dropped out of the race. President George Bush is fishing in Wyoming after having been booed earlier in the week at the All-Star Game in San Diego.

The Democratic Convention was predictably prochoice in its orientation. That's something we prolife Democrats have learned to live with. What caught us somewhat by surprise was the extremely prochoice tone of the convention: a tone that was more than simply strident. It was downright sectarian.

Thus Governor Robert Casey of Pennsylvania, a prolife Democrat—probably the most prominent prolife Democrat in America—was not allowed to address the convention and present a minority report on the party's abortion position. Prochoice Democrats by the busload addressed the convention; a prochoice Republican was even allowed to speak. But the two-term governor of the fifth largest state in the union was the victim of a gag rule because he didn't follow the party line.

In fairness to the folks who censored Casey, they probably considered themselves to be acting with great restraint. They did no more than silence him, whereas, in their view, he deserved nothing less than denunciation. Ron Brown should have mounted the podium and cried out, "Have you no shame, Governor? Have you no shame?"

The national Democrats are trying to make it as plain as possible that there is no room in the party for prolife Democrats. Being prochoice is not simply a majority position; it has now become a mandatory position. The national Democrats no longer have a big tent. Instead their tent reminds us of the tent of a conventicle, a revival meeting of religious enthusiasts.

At the convention there was a huge quantity of talk about the Democratic party as the party of "inclusiveness"—the party of males and females, whites and nonwhites, gays and straights, etc. Though Jesse Jackson may have been demoted to second fiddle, the melody the orchestra was playing was that fine old American folk song, "The Rainbow Coalition." But this inclusiveness stopped when it came to prolife Democrats. For them the orchestra played, "I Hear You Knockin' but You Can't Come In."

The party has big arms, and it will extend its ample embrace to anyone—expect those who are so perverse as to harbor suspicions that the little thing growing in the uterus may count as a human person and therefore be entitled to certain protections, above all protections against being killed. Such suspicions are beyond the pale. Anyone who would propose limits on the killing of such growing things is not fit to be received into the company of decent Democrats.

Yet this prochoice intolerance should not have been totally unexpected.

For one thing, there is a kind of anti-intellectualism that has long been part and parcel of the prochoice movement. I refer to their categorical refusal to discuss the central question: Is the fetus a human person or is it not? A person who is intellectually both serious and honest will not dismiss or run away from this obvious and enormously important question. But as a rule prochoicers do dismiss it; they do run away from it. And once you get in the habit of doing this, there is no telling what acts of intellectual levity or dishonesty you'll move on to next.

For another, prochoice true believers have a tremendous sense of social superiority relative to the average prolife American. And with good reason—for they *really are* socially superior. They are better educated, wealthier, and more privileged than their prolife counterparts. They drive better cars and live in better houses. They have better taste in coffee, wine, food, and music. They are more likely to watch "Mystery." But as a rule socially superior people feel morally superior as well; if they did not, they would have a guilty conscience about their privileges. This tendency to grab a bigger share, then to congratulate oneself on having deserved it, is one of the stronger bits of empirical evidence for the reality of Original Sin. At any rate, prochoicers look at prolifers with a mixture of disdain and pity. They consider them to be both vulgar and morally offensive: not at all the kind of people whose views need to be listened to, let alone encouraged.

Finally, the prochoice enthusiasts have a fanatic winner-take-all mentality on abortion. Confronted by diametrically opposed views—one view that wants abortion on demand, the other that wants abolition of abortion—the traditional liberal mind would look for a compromise. It would attempt to balance the opposing views and interests, denying both parties the whole loaf but giving each a part, while encouraging both to negotiate their differences. But prochoice true believers will have nothing to do with such wimpy liberalism (nor, it must be admitted, will prolife true believers). They want the whole loaf: let their opponents go hungry. They want a complete victory; no consolation prize should go to the other side. They profess to be liberals, but theirs is a liberalism of a most unliberal type.

Why, then, should we be surprised that Governor Casey was silenced? When people are anti-intellectual, self-righteous, and uncompromising, it is perfectly in character for them to silence their foes.

Pity us prolife Democrats. We have been locked out of our own house, yet we have no desire to enter the Republican house next door. We are a political pariah people.

But it was my party before it was the pro-abortion party. So I have no plans to cut and run. Rather, I choose to stay and fight. It may be too much to expect that we can any time soon persuade the national Democratic party to respect life. But perhaps if we fight really hard we may eventually get them to respect diversity of opinion. □

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OF SEVERAL MINDS John Garvey

WHAT THE ORTHODOX SAY

IS ROME LISTENING?

A recent Vatican document illustrates as well as anything could why the movement toward unity between the Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches is stalled in the water and unlikely to move. On June 15 the Vatican's Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith released its "Letter to the Bishops of the Catholic Church on Some Aspects of the Church Understood as Communion" (*Origins*, June 25, 1992). It is the revelation of a Roman vision of the church so thoroughly different from the Orthodox vision that there is no hope of movement in any positive direction, as long as this vision remains unchallenged.

The letter speaks of "a certain communion, albeit imperfect," that exists with non-Catholic churches. "This communion exists especially with the Eastern Orthodox churches which, though separated from the See of Peter, remain united to the Catholic church by means of very close bonds such as the apostolic succession and a valid Eucharist and therefore merit the title of particular churches....Since, however, communion with the universal church, represented by Peter's successor, is not an external complement to the particular church, but one of its internal constituents, the situation of those venerable Christian communities also means that their existence as particular churches is wounded. The wound is even deeper in those ecclesial communities which have not retained the apostolic succession and a valid Eucharist. This in turn also injures the Catholic church, called by the Lord to become for all 'one flock' with 'one shepherd,' in that it hinders the complete fulfillment of her universality in history."

Early on, the letter says that ecclesial communion, "into which each individual is introduced by faith and by baptism, has its root and center in the Holy Eucharist." It goes on to criticize a eucharistic ecclesiology which, "though being of undoubted value, has however sometimes placed one-sided emphasis on the principle of the local church. It is claimed that where the Eucharist is celebrated the totality of the mystery of the church would be made present in such a way as to render any other principle of unity or universality inessential."

That "it is claimed" is typical of the language of the letter (and indeed of Vatican letters in general). By whom is it claimed? Though previous papal and conciliar documents are cited throughout, this has no footnote. Two things must be said: the first is that "eucharistic ecclesiology" is a term frequently used by the Orthodox, and the insistence is that the fullness of the church is present at each local Eucharist. The local church is not a part or fragment of a whole. The second is that the lack of a citation may be because no Orthodox theologian would ever claim that "any other principle of unity or universality [is] inessential." The Orthodox would argue that unless there is an agreement in faith, on what the faith means, the very idea of communion is meaningless. That agreement in faith is the essential principle, and matters infinitely more than communion with any particular bishop.

The picture of eucharistic ecclesiology presented here is a distortion of what Orthodox believe, and the alternative vision presented in the letter assumes a centralization of Roman authority that is arguably heretical, if not blasphemous—for example, the letter's statement that the church has been called to be "one flock" with "one shepherd" is not quite said to mean that the one shepherd is the pope and not Jesus himself; but if this *is* what is intended it is something almost any Christian would understand, properly I think, to be heretical. Like so much in the letter, this possible meaning is not stated, but hinted at.

There are Catholic apologists who have argued that unlike the differences between the Catholic and Protestant churches, the differences between Catholics and Orthodox do not involve essential doctrinal problems. They point to the fact that the primary differences involve the *filioque* clause in the Creed, which Rome (unlike the Orthodox church) does not find all that striking an issue, and the nature of the church itself, which Rome (unlike the Orthodox church) does not seem to find a central doctrinal issue, but rather a kind of administrative problem. This feeling—"the differences aren't all that great"—would be nice if it were true, but in fact the nature of the church itself remains a major issue.

The Roman Catholic assumption has been that to be in union with the apostolic church one must be in union with the church of Rome, whose bishop, the pope, is understood as the successor to Peter, the first of the apostles. The "petrine ministry" unifies the church, according to this view, and real communion means a communion that includes the fullness of this unity. Without it, communion is in some sense wounded. The pope is also seen as having jurisdiction over all of the churches, and (since Vatican I) it is a matter of Catholic doctrine that when he speaks *ex cathedra* ("from the chair," in his official role) on matters of faith and morals, he speaks infallibly.

The Orthodox do not, of course, accept the doctrine of infallibility. But the Roman understanding of jurisdiction, the role of Peter and other apostles, the episcopacy itself, and what it means to be "in communion" are also quite different from the Orthodox understanding. For the Orthodox, the unity of the faith is not guaranteed by such external criteria as communion with a particular bishop but by the fact of our holding a common faith; we are in communion with those who share that faith, those who recognize that this shared faith is held by the bishops who oversee particular churches. Peter is not seen as the first bishop of Rome or as a bishop at all. Peter was an apostle, a witness of the Resurrection, and his office was not transferable. (For that matter, his successor in

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Antioch, if he could have one, would have an equal claim to sharing in the Petrine ministry—if Peter were in fact a bishop.)

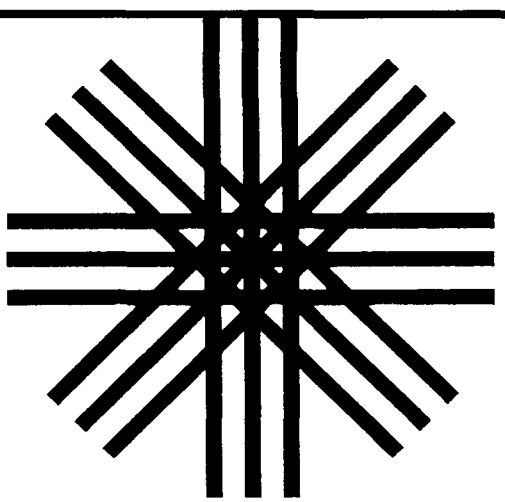
The nature of the church is based on conciliarity. The Council of Jerusalem is the model: after deliberation, the Jerusalem church announced its common understanding with the words, "It has seemed good to the Holy Spirit, and to us..." (Acts 15:28). In point of fact, it would not be possible in the contemporary Catholic church for a Paul to confront Peter, as Paul did, over a matter of faith and morals, and prevail.

The prevailing wasn't easy, or quick; and Orthodoxy certainly has a frequently frustrating, often less-than-efficient quality. This is very much the experience of early Christianity. There are occasional breaks in relations between Orthodox churches, usually healed after a decade or so, a messy process which also echoes the early church's life. At the same time, there is an agreement in matters of faith that is stronger than that to be found in contemporary Catholicism. Our most conservative bishops and theologians might disagree with our most liberal bishops and theologians in matters of tone, in concerns over specific disciplinary and liturgical policy, but not in essential matters of belief.

Perhaps one way through this stalemate would be to challenge both the narrowest readings of eucharistic ecclesiology to be found among the Orthodox, and the legalistic reading the Vatican apparently wants to give to the idea of communion. "Validity" and "apostolic succession" can smack too much of magic, a power independent of the belief of the church communities under discussion. What strikes me is that a typical Orthodox response to this letter could err in the direction of emphasizing precisely the most destructive directions implicit in "eucharistic ecclesiology." There are Orthodox who would agree with the letter's definition of communion as something that each individual is introduced into, by baptism, and that it has its root and center in the Eucharist. The letter goes on to say, "Indeed, baptism is an incorporation into a body that the risen Lord builds up and keeps alive through the Eucharist, so that this body can truly be called the body of Christ." This looks like a place of agreement, but it shouldn't be, because it makes baptism seem like an introduction to the *really* important thing, the Eucharist.

But we are baptized into a reality within which the Eucharist makes sense. It is baptism that must always be first here; the Eucharist must be seen as a participation in what baptism means, and not the other way around—as the important thing, for which baptism is a kind of ticket. We are baptized into the life and death of Christ, and hope at the end of time to be told that we have been faithful and will share in the fruits of Christ's Resurrection. All other sacraments are celebrations within the context set by the new reality baptism means.

The point is the One into whom we have been baptized, and the shared belief that means, the full implications of the question, "Who do you say that I am?" Questions of authority and validity and apostolic succession are absolutely beside the point until there is agreement at this level, and it is an agreement that must be found in more awe and terror than you usually find in Vatican documents or most ecumenical discussions. It is within the fullness of what baptism means that all the rest can be found. The best argument for giving the Eucharist to babies, as Orthodox do, is that the meaning of communion would then, like baptism, be something we would have to rediscover, almost from scratch, as adults. This rediscovery of baptism—and *within* the context of baptism, Eucharist—is probably the only serious basis for any ecumenical discussion. □



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Deadline: October 1, 1992. Announcement of Prize: December 18, 1992. The prize-winning essay will be published in COMMONWEAL's January 15, 1993 issue. This essay will become the property of the Graymoor Ecumenical Institute. All other essays will be returned to their authors after January 1.

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THEY HAD A DREAM

THE FREEDOM RIDES REMEMBERED

WILLIAM B. COOPER

On a day late in July last year a group of us, nearing the end of a sort of pilgrimage, visited the grave of a heroic woman, one of the people we had come to honor. It was a marble monument in a grassy field opposite a little church in Ruleville, Mississippi; it was engraved with her name—Fannie Lou Hamer—the dates of her birth and death, and a phrase she had made famous: "I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired."

As we stood about taking pictures, a young black man crossed the street to join us. He was (we learned) a college student majoring in broadcast journalism. Seeing our racially mixed group with video cameras and microphones, he guessed, wrongly, that we were some sort of news crew. One of our number, Bill Harbour, set out to put him straight. "You've heard of the Freedom Rides, haven't you?" The young man said, "No."

Harbour was thunderstruck. The monument we stood before, across the street from the young man's home, honored a sharecropper who became a legend in her own time as a fearless civil rights organizer; by challenging the whites-only state delegation to the 1964 Democratic national convention, she permanently changed the shape of U.S. politics. Ten miles down the road was the state penitentiary at Parchman, where Harbour and others of the original Freedom Riders had spent many long weeks as punishment for defying the state's harsh segregation laws. The young man didn't know it, but what Hamer, Harbour, and the scores and hundreds of others we were honoring on our pilgrimage had done thirty years earlier had a lot to do with his own status and prospects.

It was to renew our own memories that my wife Susan and I, supporters of but not participants in the original Freedom Rides, joined some hundred others who left Nashville on July 15, 1991, riding on two buses, to retrace the route of those earlier dreamers. We came from diverse backgrounds and scattered places around the nation. About a quarter of us were white. Most of our companions were not even born when those earlier riders faced angry mobs, hostile police, and biased judges. Some were as young as nine and ten, others in their teens and early twenties. A few—Harbour, Bernard Lafayette, Rip Patton—were veterans of the Rides.

Thirty years earlier—May 14, 1961, Mother's Day—a Greyhound bus carrying the first of the Freedom Riders was attacked by an armed mob at the terminal in Anniston, Alabama. The mob slashed the tires and chased the bus a few miles down the highway toward Birmingham, until the flattening tires forced the driver to pull off the road in front of Forsyth's country store. Windows were smashed, a firebomb tossed inside, and the bus went up in flames; as the riders tumbled out they were beaten by the waiting mob.

But, from the same incident, a different memory. Against the background of violence and hatred, a twelve-year-old white girl—seeing the victims of the mob, some wounded, all thirsty—carried drinking water from her nearby home to relieve their distress. It was an act of simple kindness that earned her the

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scorn of her peers all during her adolescent years. At eighteen she left Anniston for college, and never returned. But later in our tour, at a celebration of the Rides held at Tougaloo University in Jackson, Mississippi, the story of her courage was told to a large audience—and Janie Forsyth Miller was there. Hank Thomas, one of the riders on that ravaged bus, now an Atlanta businessman, introduced her as "the angel of Anniston." There was hardly a dry eye in the house as he recalled how the twelve-year-old Janie and the nineteen-year-old Hank had met beside a burning bus that afternoon in front of her parents' country store.

The incident at Anniston occurred during the first of the Freedom Rides, sponsored by the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) and comprising thirteen riders, seven black and six white. It sought to test enforcement of various Supreme Court decisions outlawing segregation on buses and in terminals serving interstate travelers.

Following the violence in Anniston and later mob action in Birmingham, and under pressure from the U.S. Department of Justice, CORE director James Farmer suspended the Rides. But Nashville students, members of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), were determined that violence would not halt the movement. With Farmer's approval, they solemnly took up the Rides at Birmingham. At the bus terminal in Montgomery they met with still greater violence. City police stayed back while a large mob savagely beat the riders. Among the unconscious bodies on the parking lot and in the street was that of John Siegenthaler of the Justice Department, struck down with a lead pipe while he was trying to rescue two young women from the mob. He lay in the street for half-an-hour before coming to consciousness.

A riot the next evening at First Baptist Church, where the riders had taken refuge, led to the intervention of federal marshals. The subsequent declaration of martial law finally restored order and allowed the group to leave Montgomery under National Guard escort, bound, they thought, for their final destination, New Orleans. In the event, they went no further than

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Jackson, Mississippi, where the forces of law and order herded them off the bus, through the terminal, and into waiting police vans. After a mostly ceremonial court appearance before a judge with his back turned, they were found guilty of disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace and in short order were sentenced to sixty-day terms in the maximum security prison at Parchman.

Through the remainder of that historic summer, hundreds of people, mostly young college students, came to Jackson from all over America, protesting bus segregation in particular and racial injustice in general. They moved as a flowing river of protest through the bus station, the city courts, Parchman prison, and, with intense new commitment, back into a growing civil rights movement. By fall of 1961, the Freedom Riders had dramatically infused the movement with a tremendous burst of new energy and resolve.

Our own trip, commemorating not just the Freedom Rides but other seminal events of the period, encountered no violent mobs but many symbols of change, at least on the surface. The only crowds awaiting us were there to celebrate our coming. At Birmingham City Hall, we were welcomed into the city council chambers with an official proclamation by black Mayor Richard Arrington. In Kelly Ingram Park, where Police Chief "Bull" Connor turned powerful fire hoses on demonstrators and set loose police dogs to attack them, all was peaceful as we planted a tree in memory of the four young girls who died just across the street when the 16th Street Baptist Church was dynamited.

So also in Montgomery, where we saw a new Civil Rights memorial, a highway named for M.L. King, Jr., and a street named for Rosa L. Parks, the courageous seamstress who launched a political avalanche when she refused an order to give up her seat on a city bus. In Selma, Alabama, local police held back traffic as we walked across the famous Edmund Pettus Bridge, where state troopers and county sheriffs attacked marchers as they attempted to set off on a march to Montgomery. In Jackson, Mississippi, we and hundreds of others were addressed by John Lewis, one of the thirteen original riders, now

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a member of Congress. Lewis later joined some in our group who planted a tree honoring the martyred Medgar Evers; the spot where we dug the hole is at the intersection of M.L. King, Jr. Avenue and Medgar Evers Boulevard.

There were other symbols of change. One of the most impressive was the National Civil Rights Museum in Memphis, built around a restored Lorraine Motel, the scene of Dr. King's assassination. The museum presents major events of the movement in grand scale: a Montgomery city bus with a life-size statue of a resolute Rosa Parks; a lunch counter with students, black and white, "sitting in" to protest segregation; a charred Greyhound bus looking remarkably like the burned-out shell sitting outside Anniston that day.

But, to remind us that hatred lives on, there were counter-symbols as well. Near Selma, for example, we saw a new memorial marker for a march volunteer, Viola Gregg Liuzzo, shot and killed in her car by Klansmen after a high-speed chase along a still-lonely stretch of highway on the final night of the Selma-Montgomery march. An ugly racist message was spray-painted at its base. In a small graveyard outside Marion, Alabama, stands a large stone monument marking the grave of Jimmy Lee Jackson, shot in the stomach in the restaurant where he and other civil rights demonstrators had fled from a raging mob that included county and state police. We were shown pock marks where rifle shots had been fired at the gravestone.

Not that symbols were needed; even as we visited the sites of the trials and triumphs of '61, any of us with eyes to see could cite massive evidence for what John Lewis said in Jackson, and John Siegenthaler had told us earlier in Montgomery: though there was plenty to celebrate, the nation is a long way from achieving justice.

All along the way, too, touring monuments, museums, gravestones, we were reminded what a great price was paid for the real but partial victories that were won. A few blocks from where we planted a tree honoring Medgar Evers, we stood in the driveway of his old home, at the spot where he had fallen from an assassin's bullet in 1963, and some of us felt despair. So also when we saw the marble monument outside the Mt. Zion United Methodist Church in Philadelphia, Mississippi, honoring Michael Scwerner, James Chaney, and Andrew Goodman, and the state historical marker nearby noting the "Freedom Summer Murders." And again during the celebration at Tougaloo when a letter was read from ninety-two-year-old Walter Bergman, who suffered a stroke as the result of his beating at Anniston that May and has been bound to a wheel chair for thirty years.

The incident at Ruleville with which I began took place because of a side tour initiated by three veterans of Parchman Prison, Bill Harbour, Bernard Lafayette, and Rip Patton. With a handful of others, they broke off from the main body and returned to Parchman Prison by car, there to stand across the highway from the main gate and recall the anxiety and fear they had felt on first arriving there, the isolation they had experienced within, the singing that had bolstered their spirits. Bill Harbour remembered not stepping on soil or grass, only on concrete, from the time he was dumped out of the truck till his release and return to Jackson weeks later. For the three of them, and vicariously for the rest of us, coming back after thirty years was an intense experience, and one that rendered still more poignant that later moment in Ruleville when the young journalism student confessed to Harbour that he had never heard of the Freedom Rides.

Remembrance of things past, and still present, was what our pilgrimage was all about. Of the events that shaped my generation and the ones that follow, there are few more worth remembering than the Freedom Rides, and the larger movement of which they were part. At tour's end back in Nashville, when all of us were briefly reunited, there were tearful embraces, emotional farewells, and pledges to remember one another and our shared experience for the rest of our lives. For my part I will remember the monuments to heroes, the renamed streets and boulevards, the ugly epithet painted on Viola Liuzzo's monument, the chunks of marble blasted out of Jimmy Lee Jackson's gravestone, the moment in Tougaloo when James Farmer, that still inspirational old general, now blind, received special recognition from us all. And I will remember an image of something I never saw, a mental picture of a twelve-year-old girl bringing water through chaos to people in need. □

John Perrault

Ethiopia

In the coldest part of the dark
on the road to Asmara
the Eritreans prepare to attack
the UN convoy. Ethiopia,
down to the bone with famine,
approaches without rain,
without rice—she's far too thin
to beg. And the promised grain?
Surely it would swell the belly
of her children least. Trust
them to know when her breasts
are too bitter to suck. She
passes slowly, a stone jug
on her head, as if some well
were waiting nearby, dug
by the soldiers. The polished shells
piled by their pointed guns
gleam in her eyes.
And the convoy comes.

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THE COLDNESS OF CLARITY, THE WARMTH OF LOVE

THE MEASURE OF JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY

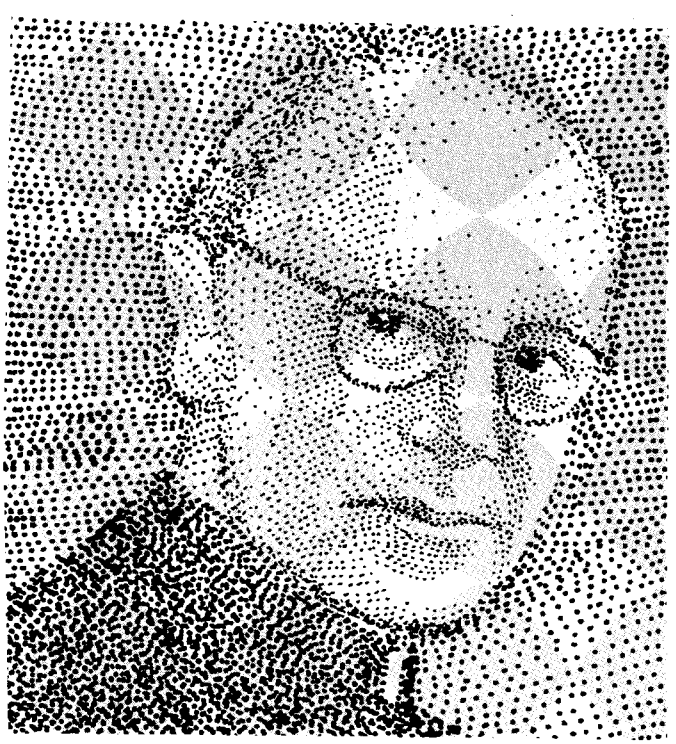
JOSEPH A. KOMONCHAK

Although it is now twenty-five years since the death of John Courtney Murray, it is a measure of his greatness as a theologian that today, when no one reads his contemporaries for much more than historical reasons, Murray's works are still in print, with more publications still to come; articles and books discuss the interpretation of his work; and rival claims are being made to the inheritance of his mantle.

Today they call what Murray tried to do "public theology," a phrase I do not believe was in circulation in his day. He spoke rather of the need to address "the spiritual crisis in the temporal order." His consciousness of the crisis was first awakened as he did doctoral studies in Rome in the mid-1930s, when the long-term effects of World War I, the Great Depression, and the rise of rival totalitarianisms that would lead Europe to its second great cataclysm seemed irrefutable proof of the inability of secularized liberalism to construct a decent human city. Murray's conviction that the roots of the crisis were spiritual and that Christ and the church were necessary to resolve it was nourished by his encounter with European Catholic thinkers. Those were the days when Pope Pius XI was inspiring the laity to undertake various forms of Catholic Action to restore "the peace of Christ in the reign of Christ," when Jacques Maritain was proposing a new Christendom, when Christopher Dawson was publishing his great works on the relationship between religion and culture, when Teilhard de Chardin was trying to reconcile Christian faith and modern science, when Henri de Lubac was exploring the social aspects of dogma in his book *Catholicism*, when Marie-Dominique Chenu was urging a mission of the church to the working class, and when Yves Congar was outlining Catholic principles for ecumenical conversation and cooperation.

Soon after Murray returned to the United States in 1936, he attempted to do his part. In still unpublished lectures to both Catholic and interfaith audiences he outlined an effort at cultural and social reconstruction based on the central Christian dogmas of the Incarnation, the Trinity, and the redemptive Cross of Christ. When he became editor of the new Jesuit journal, *Theological Studies*, he organized a series of articles urging what was then called "interreligious cooperation" so that the task of postwar reconstruction would not be abandoned to secularists. He proposed a new vision of a theology for the layman that aimed at training a Catholic elite whose faith and life would be directed toward the redemption of society and culture.

Murray had to defend these efforts, on the one hand, against Catholics who feared the danger of indifferentism more than the threat of secularism and, on the other, against Protestants put off by their fears of a Catholic desire for cultural and political hegemony. When the latter fear proved powerful enough to lead to the growth of what he called a "new Nativism," visible in such organizations as Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, Murray turned to the work for which he became most famous, a rethinking of Catholic teaching on church and state and religious freedom. Beginning in 1948, a series of historical and systematic essays argued that the American solution to the problem of church and state was both a legitimate embodiment of Catholic principle and a political experiment quite distinct in its assumptions and



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provisions from the ideological liberalism condemned by nineteenth-century popes. In 1953, when his views began to be echoed in Europe, Murray was publicly criticized by Cardinal Alfredo Ottaviani, whose Holy Office in 1954 took a series of measures that were to lead to Murray's forced withdrawal from that controversial arena.

Murray continued to work on what he always thought was the central issue, however—the relation of religion with the public order. He tried to find in the natural-law tradition a common ground on which believers could cooperate in the struggle against a secularization of American culture. In the 1960s several of his most important contributions to this effort were gathered and published in his best-known book, *We Hold These Truths* (1960), an event which earned him a cover story in *Time* magazine. Roman suspicions remained, however; not only was he not invited to participate in the preparation of Vatican Council II, but the preparatory theological commission chaired by Ottaviani issued a document on church and state that would have repudiated Murray's views. He was "disinvited," as he put it, to the council's first session, and was still suspect enough that as late as 1963 he was refused permission to lecture at The Catholic University of America. That same year Cardinal Francis Spellman, who had quietly supported him in his trials, secured his nomination as a conciliar expert. Two years later he had the rare privilege of seeing the views on religious freedom for which he had had to retire in silence confirmed in the council's *Declaration on Religious Freedom.*

During the three years he was given in which to employ a recovered authority, Murray continued to address issues of public significance, devoting one of his last essays, in the midst of controversy over the Vietnam War, to the question of selective conscientious objection. He died in a New York taxicab on August 16, 1967.

Murray stood out among his fellow theologians by his ability to think and to write—there is no mistaking his unique voice. He had little patience with those who thought complex questions could be solved by easy syllogisms, whether they were based on Catholic or on secularist dogmas. To a broad sense of history and a keen analytical mind he could add, if he thought it necessary, intimidating rhetorical and polemical skills.

For a brief period Murray was associated with the Jesuit journal, *America*, a journalistic activity for which, mistakenly, I think, he did not feel well equipped. For a few weeks he contributed "The Word" column in which *America* offers its readers meditations on the Scriptures. One of these columns contains a reflection on the scene in which Jesus responds to a challenge by asking for a Roman coin which he uses to insist on the distinction between what is owed to Caesar and what is owed to God—the teaching which was the basis for the revolution effected by Christianity in relations between the sacred and the secular.

What most interested Murray in the scene, however, was not the distinction itself, important as it was for his lifelong project, but the display of the qualities of the "luminous intelligence" which Jesus turned on the "murky stupidity" of his challengers. Jesus asked for a coin to establish a fact and he called into play a principle: "Give Caesar what is Caesar's; give God what is God's." In this display of how "high intelligence works—with facts and principles," Murray saw the model for the exercise of the Christian intellect; but anyone who has read even a little of Murray's work will wonder whether he was not also unconsciously painting a self-portrait when he described the two qualities of Christ's mind exemplified in the dialogue over Caesar's coin.

"First, one can feel its coldness. All high intelligence is somehow cold, with the coldness of perfect clarity. It is not clouded by the steaming mists of passions. It moves through clean air, in the lofty regions of cold fact and clear principle, where the heat of anger, scorn, or suspicion are powerless to alter that which is." In the fact of Caesar's image on the coin and in the appeal to principle, "the cold intelligence of Christ deals with the issue, and paralyzes all reply.

"But one can likewise feel in this dialogue what is, paradoxically, the second quality of our Lord's intelligence—its warmth. All high intelligence has a warming quality. At its very heart is the warmth of a love of truth. All its power stands in the service of love. Its supreme effort is so to state the truth that men may not only see it but love it and have their hearts warmed by it. The facts with which it deals are in themselves cold, and the principles it formulates may seem bloodless; but when touched by intelligence they come to life and have the warm, pulsing blood of life in them. For all its coldness, intelligence does not leave men chilled, but glowing, ardent to pursue a new, inspiring vision."

The scene, he concluded, offered "a new and heart-warming vision—the vision of a free and ordered world, in which a man could be both citizen and Christian, and interiorly at peace, because there would be no conflict between Caesar's orders and the demands of God. Today we are striving to realize that world. More than anything, we need intelligences with the warmth and coldness of Christ's, with his grasp of fact and principle. God never had such need of intellect in his service."

The two qualities are felt in almost everything Murray wrote. "The coldness of perfect clarity," "cold fact and clear principle," represented an ideal for which he strove in his own work and for the absence of which in other people's work he had little patience. (When the Methodist Bishop, G. Bromley Oxnam, gave a rambling anti-Catholic address, Murray noted that while Oxnam "rightly suggests that we 'state our views in Christian love,' a valid additional suggestion would be that we state our views with equally Christian lucidity.") But the cold clarity of Murray's writings perhaps not so paradoxically derived from a passion: "the warmth of a love of truth," an effort "to state the truth that men may not only see it but love it and have their hearts warmed by it." If we are still striving to realize a world in which we can peacefully be both Christians and citizens, in good part we owe it to the example John Courtney Murray gave of how to place an intellect in the service of God and the church. □

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CHESTERTON'S BROWN & GREELEY'S BLACKIE

TWO VERY DIFFERENT DETECTIVES

A.W.R. SIPE
B.C. LAMB

Monsignor John Blackwood Ryan (formerly Father Blackie, and recently elevated to Bishop Blackie) is a priest-detective created by the Reverend Andrew Greeley and featured in at least nine of his novels. In seven instances Greeley compares Father Blackie to Father Brown, the priest-detective created by G.K. Chesterton. The pains that Greeley has taken to link the two priest-detectives invite serious investigation, an invitation we intend to pursue here. In fact, the two manifest important contrasts in the way they engage a case, in their methods of solving a crime, and in their ultimate goals and objectives. A close scrutiny of the comparison actually reveals more differences than similarities between Father Brown and Father Blackie, and most important: Father Brown and Father Blackie, though both are Roman Catholic priests, embrace divergent sacramentalities.

We begin with what is a central plotting problem for the writer of a mystery story: How does the "detective" get involved in a particular case? Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes is a private investigator and Charles Dickens's Inspector Bucket is a police functionary. Solving crimes is simply part of their jobs. And that is the *modus operandi* of the "private-eye" detective story, as well. But what motive can there possibly be for a parish priest or a monsignor to involve himself in police matters?

Father Brown enters the world of crime and detection seemingly at random and sometimes he simply stumbles onto the scene of the crime. In "The Queer Feet," he has been summoned to an exclusive club, the target of an elaborate robbery, to hear the confession of a waiter *in extremis*. Here Brown's appearance is intimately connected with his office. In "The Flying Stars," Father Brown has been invited to a Christmas masquerade—target of another robbery—given by a parishioner, an ordinary enough circumstance. Although he believes in freedom, Father Brown does not believe in chance. In the "Blue Cross," he attracts the attention of the master-criminal Flambeau by dangling a jeweled cross as bait. Four stories later, Flambeau repents of his career of crime and becomes a detective, and from this point on in the series, Flambeau is apt to bring Father Brown into a case. In "The Invisible Man," which has special relevance to Greeley's *Happy Are Those Who Thirst for Justice* (Father Blackie explicitly points to the parallel between his situation and Brown's), the murder site is abandoned except for the victim. Here Father Brown is consulted by Flambeau, the detective. In "The Innocence of Father Brown," Chesterton discusses the method of Valentin, another of his detectives. But the description applies equally to Father Brown:

> Where he could not follow the train of the reasonable, he coldly and carefully followed the train of the unreasonable. Instead of going to the right places— banks, police stations, rendezvous—he systematically went to the wrong places; knocked at every empty house, turned down every *cul de sac,* went up every lane blocked with rubbish, went round every crescent that led him uselessly out of the way. He defended this crazy course quite logically. He said that if a man had a clue, this was the worst way, but if one had no clue at all, it was the best, because there was just the chance that any oddity that caught the eye of the pursuer might be the same that had caught the eye of the pursued.

Father Brown's motive in taking up a case, invariably, is a desire to move the criminal to penitence and reconciliation. Father Blackie, on the other hand, always comes into a case at the behest of a relative, a friend, or a client of the family; he enters as part of an elaborate web of kinship or power involving patronage and obligation. Blackie makes his first significant appearance in *Virgin and Martyr* (Greeley's earlier novels are

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published by Warner Books), when his cousin Mary Kate asks him to investigate the "death" of another (mutual) cousin, Catherine Collins. In *St. Valentine's Night*, Cornelius O'Connor, who was the high school sweetheart of Catherine Collins, consults Blackie Ryan in trying to solve the murder of the husband of Collins's lover. In *Rite of Spring*, Brendan, who once dated Blackie's sister, Eileen Ryan, seeks the priest's help. The pattern of patronage, although not of family involvement, continues in *Happy Are the Meek*, in which Blackie agrees to investigate the life and death of a possible Satan-worshipper in order to bring the man's widow and her new lover back to the church (specifically, back to Blackie's parish).

This extended family is a good example of the Irish-American "nation," about which Frank McConnell has written ("Boiling the Irish Catholic Pot," *Commonweal*, June 4, 1982): "The attractiveness of the [Irish-American romance] for America at the present time may be more than merely a nostalgia for a lost culture of shared values, it may be, more seriously and distressingly, a nostalgia for a simplified world of easy solutions and unexamined bromides that was false to begin with. This, at any rate, is the impression one gets of the culture of Irish-American Catholicism from Greeley's [novels]...."

Blackie Ryan knows the answers because of who he is, and who he is is the Druid of a politically powerful tribe. Whereas Chesterton's Father Brown, virtually without political power, enters a case either through a personal connection with a former sinner or by apparent, but illusory, chance, Father Blackie, as a kind of chaplain to one powerful Chicago clan, comes into the picture when this clan is threatened.

The apparent impossibility of detecting a criminal is another convention of detective fiction; the detective's task is to find the opening in a seamless world. Thus, in Chesterton's "The Invisible Man," the victim was quite alone at the time of the murder, being guarded by a watchman above suspicion. Brown's response to the seamless world is to make minute changes in it in order to ascertain its structure. In "The Blue Cross" he switches the contents of a saltcellar and sugar shaker in order to observe his companion's response: "A man generally makes a small scene if he finds salt in his coffee; if he doesn't, he has some reason for keeping quiet."

Father Brown sets things in disorder to measure the energy or real state of affairs in a case. He drops his parcels on the ground in order to pick them up again. He reverses signs for peaches and Brazil nuts, confuses anthropological categories of "outside the house" and "inside the house" by pitching soup onto a wall (acceptable behavior on the street but not in a restaurant). He reveals what should be kept secret (that he is carrying a valuable object, a cross set with sapphires). He alters his check in a restaurant, but in order to overpay! And then, instead of accepting a refund, he breaks a window to even up the account, thus changing the world slightly to allow lesser (but still inductive) minds to follow his trail.

This species of experiment is necessary, in Brown's world, because the culprit can take any appearance. The thief Flambeau, for example, has the power of disguising himself to look like almost anybody: an apple-woman, a grenadier, a duchess, even a priest. No group, or individual, is exempt from the corruptions of evil.

In Blackie's world, however, true crimes are committed only by the truly evil, those damned by their very nature. Fortunately, they can usually be identified by their appearance: they are almost always repulsive old men—though they may have attractive handmaidens. In *Virgin and Martyr*, Catherine Collins is sexually attacked by a drunken old priest. Her novice-mistress blames the attack on Cathy. Later, when Cathy is serving as a lay missionary in "Costaguana," she is sold by a sandal-wearing, New Age-talking, people's priest, Father Tuohy, to a monstrous police official who turns her over to his men for torture and rape. In *Happy Are Those Who Thirst for Justice* the murderer turns out to be Vinney Nelligan, a "dirty, kinky old man," although for a time Blackie suspects a Vatican hit man who dresses in the traditional ("very heavy") habit of the Franciscans. *Happy Are the Meek* features a Satanic priest, Father Armande, who has "breath like a sewer," and his *döppelganger*, Wolfe Tone Quinlan, a drooling, sadistic, incestuous drunk.

Blackie knows who the truly evil are, of course, but they have to be connected to a *specific* crime in order to be punished. His method consists primarily of interviewing all family members and business partners, especially with a view to establishing a motive, and searching for incriminating statements (much more important than the physical clues which may only prove what Blackie already knows). Thus, Father Brown, who knows that the potential for evil lurks in *every* human heart, must work much harder than Father Blackie, who needs only to figure out *which* dirty, kinky old man is to blame and then to place him in the chain of causality.

Nowhere is the difference between Father Brown and Father Blackie more dramatic than in the climactic scenes in which the culprits are revealed. Compare these two excerpts.

"'Stand still,' [the thief] said in a hacking whisper. 'I don't want to threaten you, but....'

"'I do want to threaten you,' said Father Brown in a voice like a rolling drum. 'I want to threaten you with the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched'" (from "The Innocence of Father Brown").

In contrast:

"'Don't think about it, Vinney.' I jumped up, whipped the Berretta into position with both my hands, and jammed it across my desk into his forehead. 'Don't even think about it.'

"Mike Casey and the three cops in my bedroom had no trouble putting the cuffs on him and taking away his gun, a mirror image of mine" (Father Blackie in *Happy Are Those Who Thirst for Justice*).

Father Brown abhors violence. His object is not to bring anyone to the gallows but rather to bring criminals to confession and reconciliation. Thus, in "The Blue Cross," Flambeau, in the criminal phase of his life, is arrested, but he will eventually repent of his life and join the police force. "The Invisible Man" ends with a detection but not an arrest: "Father Brown

(Continued on page 24)

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". . . We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life. . . ."

The Declaration of Independence (1776)

We subscribe to these words of The Declaration of Independence, and we, the undersigned, request your support. for "A New American Compact," the text of which appears on the following pages:

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1992

A NEW AMERICAN COMPACT: Caring about Women, Caring for the Unborn

Over the next months and years, the American people will confront again the question that Lincoln posed at Gettysburg: whether a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to human equality can long endure. In this generation, the issue pressing that question on our consciences is the issue of abortion.

We who propose the new American compact outlined below are men and women of diverse callings and political perspectives. We are public officials, medical professionals, scholars and feminists; we are liberals and conservatives, Democrats, Republicans and Independents, Catholics, Jews, Protestants and agnostics. We have sought to reflect carefully on the abortion controversy. We are making our reflections public in the hope that they will help all Americans cut through the static of the sound bites and discuss the linked questions of abortion, human dignity and American freedom with the moral seriousness demanded of citizens of a democratic republic.

For almost twenty years, abortion policy in America has been controlled by the courts. That seems likely to remain the case in the immediate future, even though the recent U.S. Supreme Court decision permits state legislatures to enact some modest regulation of abortion practice. It is to be deeply regretted that the American people have been denied the deliberative role in shaping public policy on this issue that has been played by the citizens of other developed democracies. The American people are capable of serious public moral reflection; the American people are capable of rising above partisanship on a matter of this gravity. Their voice can and must be heard, through the normal procedures of democracy.

For like the practice of slavery, and like the Jim Crow laws of the not-so-distant past, the abortion issue raises the most fundamental questions of justice — questions that cannot be avoided, and that cannot be resolved by judicial fiat. Who belongs to the community of the commonly protected? Whose rights will we acknowledge? Whose human dignity will we respect? For whose well-being will we, as a people, assume responsibility? Profound issues of personal and public morality are engaged by these questions. Their resolution — and the manner in which they are debated — will determine what kind of society America will be in its third century.

A Question of Boundaries

The first two hundred years of the American Republic tell an unfolding tale of aspiration — and progress — toward the ideal of liberty and justice for all. That progress has been rapid in some periods, halting in others; sometimes it has suffered setbacks. But from the early days of the American colonies to our own time, the basic trajectory was consistent and seemingly inexorable. The boundaries of the community of the commonly protected were steadily expanded — and the story of America became the story of an evermore inclusive society. The United States welcomed its immigrants, protected its workers, freed the slaves, enfranchised women, aided the needy, provided social security for the aged, ensured the civil rights of all its citizens and made public spaces accessible to the handicapped: "all in service to its ideals of justice."

Then, in January 1973, the U.S. Supreme Court, in its *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton* abortion decisions, drastically reversed this pattern of expanding inclusion. In those decisions, seven unelected justices performed the most momentous act of exclusion in our history: they deprived every human being, for the first nine months of his or her life, of the most fundamental human right of all — the right to life.

Let there be no mistake about the impact of the *Roe* and *Doe* decisions: they did not "liberalize" abortion law; they abolished abortion law in all fifty states. Abortion on demand, throughout the full nine months of a pregnancy, for virtually any reason, became public policy in the United States of America. No other developed democracy had, or has, such a permissive abortion regime.

A vast abortion industry, generating some half a billion dollars annually, sprang into existence in the wake of *Roe* and *Doe*. Twenty-five million abortions have been performed in the United States since 1973. Over one and a half million were performed in the past year alone. More than forty percent of those were obtained by women who had already had one or more abortions. But less than five percent of the abortions performed today are performed because of rape, incest, threat to maternal health or grave fetal deformity. Abortion after *Roe* and *Doe* has become, in the overwhelming majority of cases, a matter of *ex post facto* contraception.

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That is not the kind of America that expresses the abiding decency and compassion of our people. It is long past time, we believe, to reconstitute the story of America as a story of inclusion and protection.

Without a Doubt, a Human Life

Those who approve of our current abortion regime sometimes claim that the child in the womb is simply an undifferentiated mass of tissue, an appendage to a woman's body. But modern embryology and fetology exploded such pseudoscience long before *Roe*. Today, the sonogram has given us a veritable window into the womb and has enabled us to observe, in detail, the complex life of the child prior to birth.

From the beginning, each human embryo has its own unique genetic identity. Three and a half weeks after conception, its heart starts beating. At six weeks, brain activity can be detected. At the end of two months, the limbs, fingers and toes are complete. By three months, the baby is quite active, forming fists, bending arms and curling toes. At four months, vocal cords, eyelashes, teeth buds, fingernails and toenails are all present. By five months, the baby is sucking its thumb, punching, kicking and going through the motions of crying. By six months, it responds to light and sound and can recognize its mother's voice.

Advocates of unrestricted abortion do not want the public to focus on these undeniable facts of fetal development, but the facts cannot be ignored. They make plain that abortion is a violent act, not against "potential life," but against a living, growing human being — a life with potential.

Defending Women's Rights

Abortion is defended today as a means of ensuring the equality and independence of women, and as a solution to the problems of single parenting, child abuse and the feminization of poverty. The sad truth is that the abortion license has proven to be a disaster for women, children and families — and, thus, for American society.

We have had virtually unlimited access to abortion for nearly twenty years. Yet during that same period, more and more women and children have slipped into poverty. The insistence, by supporters of abortion on demand, that only "wanted children" be allowed to be born has not improved our infant mortality rates, which have remained among the worst in the industrialized world; nor has it helped us cope effectively with the incidence of child abuse, the frequency and severity of which have increased dramatically during this time.

Unfettered access to abortion on demand has addressed none of women's true needs; nor has it brought dignity to women. It has, in fact, done precisely the opposite. It has encouraged irresponsible or predatory men, who find abortion a convenient justification for their lack of commitment, and has vastly expanded the exploitation of women by the abortion industry. When the U.S. Supreme Court handed down *Roe v. Wade,* it did not even remotely envision the surgical "assembly line," commercialization and exploitation which thousands of women say characterize their experiences with an abortion industry intent on maximizing profits. While apologists for abortion on demand raise the specter of "back alley abortions" in response to virtually any proposed regulation of the abortion industry, the truth is that twenty years of abortion on demand have not eliminated this tragic outcome. Women and young girls still die and are injured by *legally* performed abortions.

We know, now, what happens when society makes the destruction of unborn life a matter of "choice." Mutual, responsible, family planning is de-emphasized. Not only do women experience abortion alone; most relationships fail in its aftermath. The abortion license has not brought freedom and security to women. Rather, it has ushered in a new era of irresponsibility toward women and children, one that now begins before birth. It has retarded the quest for securing women's rights by acting as a cheap substitute for real answers to the injustices women experience today.

Beyond the False Dichotomy; A New Compact of Care

The advocates of abortion on demand falsely assume two things: that women must suffer if the lives of unborn children are legally protected; and that women can only attain equality by having the legal option of destroying their innocent offspring in the womb. The cynicism of these assumptions reflects a terrible failure of moral imagination and social responsibility and an appalling lack of respect for women.

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We propose a new understanding, one that does not pit mother against child. To establish justice and to promote the general welfare, America does not need the abortion license. What America needs are policies that responsibly protect and advance the interests of mothers *and* their children, both before *and* after birth. Such policies would provide maximum feasible legal protection for the unborn and maximum feasible care and support for pregnant women, mothers and children.

Our moral, religious and political traditions are united in their respect for the dignity of human life. Only in the most extreme circumstances do they permit the taking of life; both our traditions and our law, for example, forbid killing except in cases of legitimate self-defense. And thus, analogously, the laws that protected the unborn prior to *Roe* and *Doe* always contained a "life of the mother" exception. Today, fortunately, pregnancy is very rarely a threat to maternal life or health. Nevertheless, a sound abortion policy would provide for the exceptional case of such a threat by permitting medical procedures necessary to save the life of a pregnant woman even when such procedures would inevitably result in death or injury to her unborn child.

The goal, surely, is enactment of the most protective laws possible on behalf of the unborn. We recognize that there are disagreements about what is possible and even desirable here. But that is precisely why, as we argued earlier, these issues should be deliberated and decided by the American people according to the democratic processes of persuasion and legislation.

At the same time, a public policy that more adequately expresses the traditions and convictions of the American people will do more than restore legal protection to the unborn.

It will take seriously the needs of women whose social or economic circumstances might tempt them to seek the abortion "solution." It will recognize our shared responsibility, in public and private settings, to make realistic alternatives to abortion available to such women. It will support women in caring for the children they choose to raise themselves, and it will help them find homes for those they cannot raise. It will work to provide a decent life for mother and child before and *after* birth.

In sum, we can and we must adopt solutions that reflect the dignity and worth of every human being and that embody understanding of the community's shared responsibility for creating policies that are truly pro-woman *and* pro-child. What we seek are communities and policies that help women to deal with crisis pregnancies by eliminating the crisis, not the child.

Common Choice, Common Destiny

The rhetoric of abortion advocacy contains a truth that abortion advocates often fail to perceive. Abortion *is* a question of choice. The "choice," though, is not one faced by isolated women exercising private rights. It is a choice faced by all the citizens of this free society. And the choice we make, deliberatively and democratically, will do much to answer two questions: What kind of a people are we? What kind of a people will we be?

If we abandon the principles of respect for human life by making the value of a life depend on whether someone else thinks that life is worthy or wanted, we will become one sort of people.

But there is a better way.

We can choose to reaffirm our respect for human life. We can choose to extend once again the mantle of protection to all members of the human family, including the unborn. We can choose to provide effective care for mothers and children.

And if we make those choices, America will experience a new birth of freedom, bringing within it a renewed spirit of community, compassion and caring.

A CALL TO JUSTICE FOR THE UNBORN
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(Continued from page 19)

walked those snow-covered hills under the stars for many hours with a murderer, and what they said to each other will never be known." In some of Chesterton's stories, the penitent murderer decides to turn himself in as part of his gesture of reconciliation; this kind of surrender occurs in "The Wrong Shape" and in "The Hammer of God." Sometimes the murderer is simply allowed to escape, as in "The Sins of Prince Saradine." Father Brown's attitude is neatly summed up in a snatch of dialogue from "The Eye of Apollo": "'Shall I stop him?' asked Flambeau, bounding towards the exit, for Kalon had already thrown the door wide open. 'No, let him pass,' said Father Brown with a strange deep sigh that seemed to come from the center of the universe. 'Let Cain pass by, for he belongs to God.'"

The contrast to Father Blackie, who acts as a kind of auxiliary to the police in *Happy Are Those Who Thirst for Justice*, could not be more striking. Of course, Blackie's gun is just a toy, but in recapitulating the scene later, he accentuates the violence of his act: "[If] he had moved a millimeter closer to the gun he was in fact carrying, I would have bashed him, weak old man or not, on the skull."

And, though Father Blackie's captive is not sent to the electric chair, neither is he led to repentance: "Vinney was in a psychiatric institution where he would spend his few remaining days....Prognosis: hopeless." Father Brown is content to trust a sinner's conscience and God's mercy; Father Blackie insists on swifter retribution.

It could be argued that *within the confines of the narrative* it is not Father Blackie who makes Vinney insane and confines him to an institution, any more than it is Blackie who burns Sister Hilaire alive, or who tortures Catherine Collins. Blackie is merely an observer to these horrors, is he not? But what of the creator—the storyteller? Nowhere does the person of the author reveal himself or herself more clearly than in the telling of the story and its prevailing mythopoeic values. In fact, Greeley embraces his vocation as a storyteller as both sacred and sacramental. But what is revealed as being truly sacred and as having meaning?

George Lukacs defines the problems of the author and his characters this way: "The objectivity of the novel is the mature man's knowledge that meaning can never quite penetrate reality but that, without meaning, reality would disintegrate into the nothingness of inessentiality...and the characteristic structure of its matter is discreteness, the separation between interiority and adventure" (*The Theory of the Novel*, MIT Press).

An author is the form-giver to the characters' inner struggles and their adventures. By this definition, Chesterton and Greeley could hardly be further apart. At the heart of Father Brown's universe we find the discourse of the confession: a dialectical process aimed at discovering a sinner's true position before God. Brown reveals his humanity over and over in his interactions with other sinners who, like himself, are in need of compassion. It is out of his shared humanity that he interacts vigorously and salvifically with the criminal. Father Brown voices a classic expression of that sensibility in "The Hammer of God": "I am a man... and therefore have all devils in my heart. Listen to me."

Father Blackie is more the dramatic hero who, following Lukacs's definition, lacks interiority. His adventures exist outside of him. He judges and brings others to justice, but is not himself vulnerable. In Blackie's universe the demons are all in others: priests—who are satanic, drunken, sandal-wearing, misguided, unfaithful, or otherwise irredeemable—or reprehensible dirty old men, usually Irish.

Greeley's characters are the products of his own imagination. In his autobiography, *Confessions of a Parish Priest* (Pocket Books, 1986), he says that all of his "novels are about God's love." Careful analysis offers a more complex reading.

Father Brown is clearly modeled on a real priest, Father John O'Connor, a Yorkshire pastor, who was an important figure in Chesterton's life and intellectual development. At the same time, Chesteron endows Father Brown with external qualities unlike his model. He began writing the Father Brown mysteries in 1910 and only later (1922) converted to Roman Catholicism "to get rid of my sins." The discourse of "confession" in Chesterton's life is very much like Brown's *modus operandi*.

Like Father Blackie, Brown is surrounded with evils—generally murders—but the adventures to which Chesterton subjects his character are devoid of the same sense of violence or torture. This reflects one of Chesterton's own aphorisms, "There is even a Christian way to teach the alphabet; that is not to look down on one who doesn't know it." Brown is the incarnation of his understanding that there is even a Christian way to catch a criminal.

As a convert, Chesterton relished the freedom of the Christian message and its sacraments. It is the power of the sacraments and the sacramentality of human error and repentance that captivates Father Brown. He follows clues with the sense of personal power conferred by simple lived truth and the shared human struggle. In contrast, Greeley's priests relish political power and are privy to CIA operatives and highly placed Vatican contacts.

Greeley defines sacrament in the broadest terms as "whatever discloses grace to us, especially water, fire, food, drink, and sex." Chesterton might agree. Unlike Father Brown, however, Blackie is not the central character of the mystery series, but is the element that "holds the stories together" and coexists with power, money, and sex—other essential elements. Greeley laments at length in his autobiography that few critics understand his juxtaposing money, sex, and celibate priests, and concludes emphatically that "sex is edifying and religious and important." In other places Greeley emphasizes the significance of "the sacramental imagination" that *must* say in word or picture that human passion is a hint of divine passion: "if God is love then surely S/He is present in sexual love."

When it comes to sex, Father Brown and Father Blackie exist in different worlds. In his autobiography Chesterton reveals how significant he found the informed, wise counsel of Father

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O'Connor: "To prevent me from falling into a mare's nest, he told me certain facts he knew about perverted practices." Chesterton found the *celibate* priest wiser than two Cambridge dons about real evil. And in explaining his entry into Roman Catholicism, Chesterton observed, "that the Catholic church knew more about good than I did was easy to believe. That she knew more about evil than I did seemed incredible."

In this regard Greeley's intent is much the same as Chesterton's message. And certainly Greeley's desire to show the church and the priesthood as instruments of God's love is explicit. The divergence of the two authors is based not on sacrament or intent but on different ideas about the role of authorship in mythmaking.

Whereas Chesterton took his taletelling lightly, Greeley claims mythmaking as a privileged sacrament. He credits his awareness of its power to three people: anthropologist Clifford Geertz, who taught him that "religion is a set of symbols that provide explanations of the ultimate problems of life and templates for responding to those problems"; and "story theologians" David Tracy and John Shea. Greeley is a celibate and is denied the sacrament that fascinates him most: not confession as is Chesterton's Father Brown, but sex. With this, the circle closes. Just as sex is (or can be) a sacrament for Greeley, so the sacrament of mythmaking, of storytelling, becomes identified with sexuality. In a chapter of his autobiography entitled, "The Storyteller," Greeley explains that Blackie Ryan is a character who has lurked in his imagination for a long, long time and who "sometimes" speaks in the author's voice. He links Blackie with Anne Maria O'Brien Reilly (*Angels of September*), whom he identifies as one of his most mature heroines, "a laywoman who has been savaged by the church through much of her life." Greeley accepts the interpretation of a colleague that "Blackie and Maria are Andy's vision of God" and goes on to elaborate: "The passionately loving and implacably seductive Maria [fully sexually active] and the ingenious, determined mystery-solving Blackie [celibate]....Only God is better, more lovely than Maria, more comic and resourceful than Blackie." Here we have linked the sacramentalities of sex and priesthood mediated by storytelling.

Though there is a compulsive, monotonous, and inexhaustible quality to his novels' sexual narratives, Greeley is absolutely correct when he defends them as not being "dirty." Indeed, his writing is not salacious or sexually stimulating; sex in Greeley's novels is stereotyped, repetitive, and symbolic, and in that sense unreal, part of the myth.

Moreover, the real distinction between Father Brown and Father Blackie, and between Chesterton and Greeley, is not in their understanding of the relationship of priests and the church to evil but rather where each locates access to divine power and salvation. Brown's power is quite simple: it derives from confession and reconciliation; mythmaking and the telling of the story stand quite apart from this sacramental reality. Blackie, on the other hand, exists in a world in which sex, power, money, and priestly status are all equated—all undifferentiated in God's eyes, all needing redemption, and all capable of being instruments of God's love. All the characters in Blackie's domain, heroes and villains alike, are rich, powerful, Irish Catholics. Authorship is likewise equated with power. For Greeley, the status of mythmaker confers authority—in all senses of the word: it includes the right to define the world. Greeley repeatedly and explicitly embraces the identity of "storyteller of God": "I think I know a little bit more about how it feels to be God. For like God, a storyteller creates people, sets them in motion, outlines a scenario for them, falls in love with them, and then is not able to control what they do."

Greeley argues in his autobiography and elsewhere (*Publisher's Weekly*, April 10, 1987) that he must be doing something right to be selling so many books and making so much money. We are not at all sure that Chesterton would agree with these criteria. Father Brown would certainly not be impressed! But the body of Greeley's work is important, and provides a wealth of information about the church and the priesthood. The insights disclosed in these novels about the workings of the celibate mind are only compounded and enriched by the fact that the novelist is also a celibate priest. □

ART

ROUND & ROUND WE GO

THE GUGGENHEIM REOPENS

In the early part of this century, maverick exhibitions of avant-garde art, like the one the fauvists put on in Paris in 1905 or the New York Armory Show in 1913, aroused extravagant opposition and derision. The modern transformation of society was then in full swing and its motions visible to the ordinary eye. Therefore, any cultural event that provocatively captured modernity and reflected it back to itself touched Western society's self-definition in its most sensitive spot. The defining actions that express our society's nature and aspirations often have to do with money: where it comes from, where it goes, and who decides who gets it. When the issue also involves art, the most intimate and autonomous individual expression in a society that is supervigilant about the status and doings of the individual, the event in question carries a heavy tonnage of symbolic weight. Thus the recent reopening in New York of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, where art and money sizzle, is an event of high significance.

The two-year-long renovation of the Guggenheim uptown on Fifth Avenue and 89th Street, and the construction of a beautifully apportioned branch downtown in Soho (designed by Arata Isozaki), have been contemporary New York's artistic *scandale*. It is as if the refurbishment of a powerful and prestigious institution were on the order of the cubist revolution representing nature in the form of cubes. From the moment Gwathmey Siegel & Associates—the architects who designed the uptown museum's transformed interior and new annex—presented their plans to the public in 1985, critics started to mount the barricades of zoning laws and press campaigns. Gwathmey Siegel's first idea for an addition—a cantilevered projection looming

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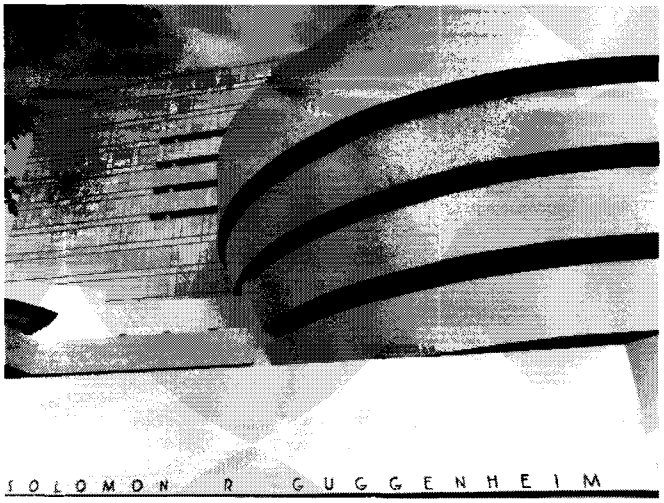

over the Fifth Avenue spiral—appeared to many outraged architectural mavens, preservationists, and neighborhood residents to turn Frank Lloyd Wright's uncanny structure into a "giant toilet bowl." The original conception was promptly revised.

The result is a triumph of sensitivity and discretion. Seen from the outside, the rectilinear annex with its delicate tartan grid on a limestone exterior is still somewhat awkward, more an intellectual accommodation to Wright's edifice than a visual one. Inside the ten-story annex, however, Gwathmey and Siegel have constructed seven much-needed floors of soaring galleries, adorned gratefully, it seems, with larger works such as those by the abstract expressionists that had never rested comfortably on Wright's sloping walls. The architects have imaginatively joined the annex to the original structure so that the new building appeals to the old from below connecting balconies, like humble function wooing haughty form. Inside Wright's spiral, they have removed the cramped offices from the small rotunda with a surgeon's deliberateness and given that exquisite miniature of the larger shape a new lease on life as exhibition space—they have also carved out a rather disappointingly tiny sculpture garden adjoining it outside. The most important changes, though, have been made at the top of the main rotunda. The final ramp, formerly inaccessible to the public, is now open, offering the full vertiginous panorama of the museum's interior that Wright had intended to be unveiled for each visitor who attained the heights of his last creation. And Gwathmey and Siegel have replaced the skylight's translucent glass with clear glass, bathing the Guggenheim's inner space in the ethereal quality of the building's own aspirations.

Most of the early critics have been appeased. But the success of the expansion and restoration has only intensified the controversy that continues to rumble around the path the museum seems to have taken under the guidance of Thomas Krens, its present director. Since 1988, when he took the Guggenheim helm, Krens has been in the kind of perpetual metamorphosis that the artistic representation of the figure underwent at the beginning of the century.

Krens has symbolized everything to everyone. Conservative preservationists defended Wright's futuristic utopianism by attacking any notion of an expansion, no matter what it might look like. Here Krens was a subversive vulgarian, avidly flaunting his power at the expense of history and form. When the renovations were completed and the Soho branch was set to reopen, a downtown group of feminist artists known as The Guerrilla Girls complained that the inaugural Soho show comprised "four white boys at the white boys' museum" and not a single woman artist. Now here was Krens as a conservative preservationist. For some concerned participants in the museum scene, Krens's decision in 1990 to sell three paintings from the permanent collection—a Chagall, a Modigliani, and a Kandinsky—to raise $30 million for the purchase of 300 minimalist and conceptualist works from an Italian collector, Count Giuseppe Panza di Biumo, definitively proved that Krens was suffering from an impoverishment of practical intelligence. For Count Panza, the director was an enlightened connosseur, a prescient historian of art, and a gold mine. And both conservative and culturally Left critics blanched when, to finance the expansion, Krens floated a $54.9 million bond issue without mortgage or collateral, which meant that if the museum defaulted, the collection might be at risk. Krens was excoriated from all sides in particular for his plans to open up branches of the Guggenheim in Italy, Austria, and Spain, and to rent out works to the international Guggenheims from the museum's permanent collection. The Right portrayed him as a hedonist driven by a pleasure-ethos from the sixties who lacked the sober foresight of a CEO. The Left saw him as a CEO driven by a greediness from the eighties who was deficient in any sense of aesthetic pleasure.

It is, in other words, a version of an old American story. In the eyes of Krens's critics, the Guggenheim is a great white whale and Krens an Ahab, self-destructively pursuing the phantoms that haunt his own ego. Some of those phantoms are: the museum as a shrine to what Krens has decided is America's most important art movement, minimalism; the museum, with its uptown and its downtown branches, its bookstores and cafes and late evening hours, as New York's most glamorous cultural conglomeration; the museum as an expanding superinstitution in a world where the concept of expanding superpowers has lost its basis in reality. For those same critics, though, it is the coincidentally pallid Krens who serves as the white whale and they are so many Ahabs; provoked by the spectacle of what they perceive as overbearing power, they see in Krens's various projects the violation of their equally various principles. In the shapeless American sea, everybody shapes their own *bête blanche*.

I almost forgot about the art. It is there, behind all the high-finance hoopla, this vision of European high modernism housed in the concrete fact of American modernity. To celebrate its reopening, the Guggenheim is putting on an exhibition through August 27 of the finest works in its collection. The imagined dislocations and discombobulations, jarring contrasts and splintered meanings, radical joys and terrors of Cézanne, Kandinsky, Klee, Malevich, Picasso, Braque, Schiele, Mondrian hang on walls built by a group of actual dislocating, jarring, and radical wills. For hovering over the Guggenheim's honeycomb are the spirits and labyrinthine escapades of Solomon R. Guggenheim, Jewish immigrant become American metallur-

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gical tycoon; his wife Hilla Rebay, a theosophical Dadaist with traces of Aryan occultism become American art-matriarch; Peggy Guggenheim, the tycoon's slighted niece become zealous competitor in the art-collecting business; and, of course, Frank Lloyd Wright, whom Solomon commissioned to design the museum. Situated in the sensationally opaque American history behind the Guggenheim, the once-vanguard European paintings and sculptures inside the museum's walls are like those innocent Jamesian heroines who in a different age found themselves enmeshed in the inscrutable intrigues of old Europe.

Wright, the most colorful figure in the Guggenheim saga, hailed from the Midwest and was filled with a mischievous antipathy to the Eastern establishment, which he blamed for the disastrous end of Louis Sullivan, his mentor and America's first modern architect. He was also bent on proving the superiority of architecture to painting, and his own to everyone else's. Brilliant and fiercely egotistical, he once returned to a house he had been retained to design after it was finished and occupied, stormed in and rearranged the furniture. His approach to creating the Guggenheim was just as willful. The breathtakingly alien building is archly at war with the angular shapes of the city behind it. The curved walls inside contend with the paintings they are supposed humbly to display to their best effect. James Johnson Sweeney, the tall, tempestuous Irishman who was the museum's director at the time Wright first presented his plan, despised Wright's conception; legend has it that Wright responded by designing the administrative offices with the lowest possible ceilings. In 1959, six months before the building was finished, Wright died. Perhaps his spirit was still ascending when the first crowds climbed the winding ramp, up toward the resplendent skylight inspired by St. Peter's dome in the Vatican, unaware that they had become votaries to an apotheosis the architect had resolutely arranged for himself.

Wright ended his career in the manner of an American Faust, his personal life beset with tragedy, his ideals stubbornly intact. We can only hope that the museum's current director doesn't go down in the manner of the German version. That Faust's final catastrophic venture was in real estate. LEE SIEGEL

Lee Siegel, a frequent contributor to Commonweal, *is a freelance writer living in New York.*

June Frankland Baker

Coquinas

butterfly-shell clams

These minute shells, opened but hinged,
rest in a mahogany dish turned
by my uncle. After he died,
Mother, flying thousands of miles,
carried it to me. The shells have traveled
their own migration, brought west
by a friend from her Florida beach,
the coquinas persistently leaving
these spread wings for her daily walk.

Opalescent, citrine, amethyst,
they shine in this desert light
as if they belonged—
like rabbitbrush in bloom,
or very old, discarded bottles changed
by the desert sun from clear to violet.

They cluster now on the handrubbed wood
as if each receding or advancing tide,
each mallet stroke of sun,
had been worth it.

STAGE

'TANIA' & 'AMPHIGOREY'

THE AMERICAN MUSIC THEATER FESTIVAL

The American Music Theater Festival (AMTF) which has initiated so many widely performed shows, ended its ninth season in Philadelphia with the premiere of Anthony Davis's new one-act opera, *Tania*. The work is "loosely based on the kidnapping of Patricia Hearst," Davis writes in the program. It is a phantasmagoria in which the central figure is never sure whether she is Tania or Patty or what it means to be either one of those characters. She is drawn to and repelled by the Symbionese Liberation Army, that bizarre, black-led revolutionary band of whites, mostly women, and she keeps trying to get into the burning house where Tania/Patty presumably died although she was not on the premises. She is just as clearly (or unclearly) inside and outside the bourgeois world which is her Hearstian home.

The performers who play Patty's parents also play her fantasy parents, Fidel Castro and Betty Ford. (Susan Ford had been a possible target of the S.L.A.) Patty's husband doubles as Che Guevara. The action on stage is accompanied by action on video screens, suggesting that reality for both Patty and Tania is only television-deep. Some of John LaChiusa's libretto seems unnecessarily facile—the cracker box which is referred to and from which Patty and her family keep eating, on and off the screen, is offered as though it were a workable symbol of the consumer society. There are effective scenes, like Christopher Alden's staging of Betty Ford's search for her daughter, and strong individual numbers, such as the one sung by Teko (a white Symbionese officer), "If I were a black man." Of it, Davis has remarked, "Is that the sickest aria ever written, or what?" (*Philadelphia Inquirer*, June 14, 1992). The opera is serious about the problem of identity, not only for Tania/Patty, but within the society at large; but it is never as funny or as frightening as it ought to be to make so complex a point. It is far too

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allusive, using a twenty-year-old event that needs program notes to light the way for many playgoers. Nonetheless, it is theatrically fascinating because Davis's eclectic score (his conscious use of jazz and popular music), Paul Steinberg's sets, and Robert Wierzel's lighting suggest a cohesiveness that the work as a whole never quite achieves.

AMTF's other mainstage productions this year were the premiere of *Amphigorey*, with music by Peter Golub and book and lyrics by Edward Gorey, and a first Philadelphia production of the Skip Kennon-Tom Cone-Ellen Fitzhugh 1982 musical *Herringbone*. Golub notwithstanding, *Amphigorey* is pretty much Gorey's show. A group of talented revue performers either recite or sing previously published Gorey material as they move through black-and-white sets, by Gorey of course, which suggest his celebrated drawings. The costumes, surprisingly not by Gorey, also recall his drawings. At the risk of bodily injury at the hands of confirmed Goreyites, I must admit that I have never been enchanted by his macabre cuteness. Even so, against my expectations, I found the show amusing if, inevitably, dangerously repetitious.

Herringbone, which calls itself "a one man ten character revenge tragedy vaudeville musical," is about a boy who is possessed by a dead tap-dancing midget and who achieves success while his two selves war within him. It is a pleasant enough conceit, if your taste runs to black comedy, but its real reason for existing as a stage piece is that it is an occasion for a virtuoso performance by an all-purpose actor. Unfortunately, B.D. Wong did not quite pull it off in the AMTF production. Wong's excellent work in *M. Butterfly*, which had disguises of its own, makes him seem a natural for *Herringbone*; but although he is personable and has worked in a number of musicals, he never seems to be dancer, singer, quick-change artist enough to lift the work above the ordinary.

AMTF is always more than its main shows. This year again there was a cabaret series, which I did not have a chance to see. More important, there was a new series called CrossCurrents, works-in-progress designed to bring various forms of popular music into the theater. I was reminded by the management that they were not yet ready for review, but I want to describe them enough to indicate the healthy variety in the new program. I saw three of the four offerings. *Fur on the Belly*, with music by Geri Allen and text by Beth Coleman and Laurie Carlos, will finally consist of three sections named after the colors of the stoplight (only one section and part of another were presented) in which a young black woman (played by a vocalist and two dancers) faces the choices before her. *Bobos*, by James McBride (music) and Ed Shockley (book and lyrics), is a cautionary tale about a boy who responds to peer pressure—laughter at his cheap tennis shoes (bobos)—and gets sucked into the world of drug-dealing. The most interesting thing about the production (Mark Somerfield's wonderful set aside) was that it marked the formation of the Rainbow Musical Theater Company, a youth ensemble put together from all across Philadelphia which will presumably continue to exist and to perform. *Welfare*, based on the Frederick Wiseman documentary of that name, is an opera with music by Lenny Pickett, a libretto by David Slavitt (the words derived from the Wiseman movie), and a video component, filmed by Wiseman on the spot, which allows the very talented company to be seen and heard on stage and on screen at the same time. Although *Welfare* is technically a work-in-progress, it had the look of a finished piece about it and, for me, it was the most impressive offering of this year's AMTF.

GERALD WEALES

SCREEN

'MEOW!' SHE ROARED

'BATMAN RETURNS'

Even simple entertainment isn't simple anymore. Take the Tim Burton-Batman enterprise for example. The very first frames of the first installment announced that the director wouldn't, perhaps couldn't be content to make enjoyable junk out of Bob Kane comic books. The sets and photography were obviously masterminded by someone familiar with Art Deco, German Expressionism in both cinema and painting, and the "graphic novels" of Frank Miller. Nor was the script unsophisticated: Joker was presented as a mirror image of Batman. Just as the crime-fighter was germinated when little Bruce Wayne witnessed the killing of his parents by a criminal, so the archfiend was created when that same murderer was dropped into a vat of acid by Batman. Criminal initiates Superhero, who, in turn, transforms Criminal into Archcriminal. Ah, the inextricability of Good and Evil! This was pulp rewritten by Jung, the preliterate dipped into the subconscious.

But the funny thing about *Batman* was that the putatively central dramatic idea simply wasn't explored by the script, only exploited for a little metaphysical frisson. Michael Keaton could mutter darkly to Joker, "You created me," as he slugged it out with his nemesis at the climax, but this self-revelation did nothing to change the hero's nature or alter his destiny. It was merely a conceit that allowed the first generation of graduate school film critics, starving on the junk food of American movies, to kid themselves into thinking that they had seen entertainment with a touch of profundity to it. What gripped the general audience were the fights, the explosions, the aerial stunts, the sly wit of Jack Nicholson's villainy, the bizarre violence (the rictus on the faces of the victims of Joker's poisonous cosmetics), and the endless parade of gadgets. In other words, what really worked in *Batman* were the same things that work in better James Bond movies, which have never had intellectual pretensions. But the James Bond movies no longer have the box office appeal they once enjoyed (only millions raked in instead of billions) and the most recent unneurotic entertainment, Warren Beatty's sweet, wholesouled *Dick Tracy*, left some critics and audience yawning. Our palates

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grow more jaded with each passing year, so *Batman*, like the *Terminator* films, the *Alien* series, and even the latest Spielberg films, tries to awaken us with little doses of Jungean imagery, apocryphal foreboding, broody psychology, hip sociology.

Batman Returns is better than *Batman*. In terms of sheer spectacle, there's a genuine improvement. The noir photography isn't overdone this time; the visuals are satiny rather than murky. Bo Welch's sets are as good as Anton Furst's but this time Burton really explores them with his camera. Danny Elfman's swooping, racing music isn't much different from his previous *Batman* score but, since this movie's look is more precise and the action better choreographed, the music seems more in accord with what we see and sight and sound now feed off each other more effectively.

Michael Keaton's characterization has slightly improved. It still puzzles me that such a volatile, facially expressive actor is being used to play a masked man. It's like hiring Orson Welles to play a mute. Any number of actors can thin their lips and dart their eyes as well as Keaton does but at least this time he uses his body more expressively, employing sharp right angle moves as he turns from one catastrophe to another that suggest that Batman's singleminded dedication to crimefighting is turning him into an automaton. And Keaton now allows more of Batman's edginess to seep into Bruce Wayne so that, as the billionaire, Keaton no longer seems to be doing an impersonation of Jeff Goldblum. If he isn't exactly a character yet, Keaton's Batman is at least a force to be reckoned with. What also helps is that, instead of trying to melt the iceberg Kim Bassinger, Keaton now gets to make love to, and fight with, Michelle Pfeiffer as Catwoman.

I've never been particularly taken by Pfeiffer. She has always seemed more wan than subtle. But here the very preposterousness of the role—the skintight suit, the acrobatics, the karate moves, the feline sexiness—seems to have liberated the actress. She gives a scintillating performance.

By contrast, Danny De Vito as Penguin is suppressed by his make-up and costume. The clownwhite face, long nose, and twenty pounds of silicone layered onto his body certainly give De Vito the Penguin silhouette, but the actor can't penetrate the stuff emotionally. His vocal performance is so limited—wheezing punctuated by snarls—that he begins to bore only a few minutes after his first entrance.

But it is the better villain, Catwoman, that truly reveals the *echt*-ersatz nature of Tim Burton's enterprise. In this movie, Catwoman isn't merely a slinky temptress and amazon, she's a feminist fury. Her daylight self, Selina, is a used and abused secretary to an evil tycoon (Christopher Walken, who manages to be magnetic even when he's totally miscast) who first patronizes her attempts to contribute to his business and then tries to murder her when she accidentally uncovers one of his corruptions. Resurrected as Catwoman, Selina avenges not only her own wrongs but those of her entire sex. And she seethes at the very idea of female dependence. After dispatching a mugger, she then rounds furiously on the helpless female victim because the latter had screamed for Batman when attacked. "I am Cat-*woman*!" she hisses, "hear me roar!" before backflip-

ping away into the shadows. I laughed at the send-up of the Helen Reddy lyric and I was amused at the effort to turn Catwoman into both an archetype and a *reductio ad absurdum* of feminism. And it was interesting, when Selina and Bruce Wayne fall in love, to watch two schizoid costume-freaks try to get together. And this romance, too, is used by Burton and scenarist Daniel Waters, to kid feminism and the war between the sexes: should Selina give into her tenderest "womanly" feelings or should she, as Catwoman, concentrate on wreaking havoc on male-dominated Western civilization?

All very kinky and amusing, but before the movie is half over, it becomes clear that Burton and Waters have failed to invent a plot that can contain the new meanings they are trying to invest in Catwoman. Just as in the previous *Batman* where the interdependence of good and evil only spiced a conventional action movie without giving it substance, here the feminist reverberations set off by Catwoman only exist alongside the plot mechanics rather than transforming them.

For this plot dictates that Catwoman become a confederate of Penguin and her former employer (and near-murderer), the heinous Max Schreck, as they plot to destroy Batman. But why would she do this? Surely it is the power hunger manifested by Penguin and Schreck that represents what Selina hates most about the world of male privilege, and not the lonely, power-rejecting, reclusive, woman-rescuing Batman? Or is it the case that her sexual longings so frighten her that Selina must try to destroy the Caped Crusader? So which is it? What does Catwoman really want?

What does Catwoman want??! One might as well ask, what does Penguin want? Or what does Lex Luthor want? Or what does Dr. Fu Manchu want? Or Professor Moriarty? Why, they want to rule the world, of course. What else does any supervillain want? No reader of the Batman comic books would even pause to ask such a question nor would any viewer of the cheesy but entertaining T.V. series. But Tim Burton, too proud and too talented to be satisfied with such simplicity, so complicates a comic book universe that such questions get raised. Raised, they can't be answered or even seriously addressed. No matter how complicated Catwoman is allowed to be, the bullets, the bombs, the whizzing Batmobile, the flying projectiles, the army of little penguins boobytrapped by their master with explosives and marched to destroy the metropolis, all these soon take over the movie.

And why shouldn't they? Such gimmicks belong in a Batman movie. Feminist dilemmas do not. When will simple entertainment once again become content with its own simplicity?

RICHARD ALLEVA

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Miss Porntip sends flowers

THE GATES OF IVORY
A Novel
Margaret Drabble
Viking, $22, 464 pp.

Suzanne Keen

In *The Gates of Ivory*, Margaret Drabble brings to a satisfying close her three-volume diagnosis of England's contemporary condition. The project began with Liz and Charles Headleand's New Year's party celebrating the end of the seventies in *The Radiant Way* (1987). In this novel of Thatcher's Britain, Drabble follows the fortunes of the Cambridge friends, Liz Headleand, Alix Bowen, and Esther Breuer, who make up the three-legged stool of perspectives upon which she balances her investigative narrative. Of the second volume, *A Natural Curiosity* (1989), Drabble remarks, "I had not intended to write a sequel, but felt that the earlier novel was in some way unfinished, that it had asked questions it had not answered, and introduced people who had hardly been allowed to speak." *A Natural Curiosity* nonetheless extends Drabble's relentless anatomy of Britain by means of her three major characters, Liz, Alix, and Esther. "No," says Alix, at the end of the novel, "England's not a bad country. It's just a mean, cold, ugly, divided, tired, clapped-out, post-imperial, post-industrial slag-heap covered in polystyrene hamburger cartons. It's not a bad country at all. I love it."

The Gates of Ivory places England in a global context, decentering Drabble's familiar fictional world by tracing Stephen Cox, Liz's absent friend, to Cambodia. In the process, Esther and Alix are relegated to minor subplots; the old triumvirate is reconfigured into Liz's story, Stephen's story, and Hattie Osborne's first-person narrative. Holding together these disparate, crisscrossing, and disconnected trajectories is an old-fashioned overt narrator with a voice, and opinions, of her own.

This narrator announces the subject: "This is a novel—if novel it be—about Good Time and Bad Time." Cambodia stands for Bad Time in *The Gates of Ivory* and into Bad Time first Stephen and then Liz go, equipped with self-deprecation of and desire for the heart of darkness. Drabble's Bangkok and Cambodia are departures for a novelist of the British middle-class experience. Her other travelers stick to airplanes, hotels, and restaurants, and in *The Gates of Ivory* she is still most at home in descriptions of tourists' venues. Yet she devises in the savvy Miss Porntip a credible guide for Stephen and, later, for Liz. Miss Porntip knows better than to enter the Bad Time of the Khmer Rouge and Stephen's further explorations feel rather researched, an impression strengthened by the presence of a bibliography at the end of the novel—if novel it be!

The book begins engagingly when a package containing a manuscript in Stephen's handwriting, papers, postcards, newspaper cuttings, and two joints of a human finger bone arrives in Liz's office and transforms Stephen's prolonged absence into a mystery. Despite the narrator's self-conscious declaration of the narrative options ("Some cross the bridge into the Bad Time, into the Underworld, and return to tell the tale. Some go deliberately. Some step into Bad Time suddenly. It may be waiting, there, in the next room"), the novel spills untidily in many directions. It proceeds by juxtaposing sequences and scenes, as Drabble's novels often do. In the beginning of *The Radiant Way*, for instance, we see Alix at her dressing table, Esther walking, and Liz daydreaming as she prepares for the evening's party. Drabble resorts to this technique of itemized simultaneity only at the end of *The Gates of Ivory*, when the characters come together for the party—a memorial service—that closes the trilogy. Yet here the gesture of completion is undermined by the narrator's assertion that "There is no way that Konstantin and Rose Vassilou could have attended the reception in Dresden Road." Readers familiar with Drabble's earlier novels will have recognized these characters from *The Needle's Eye* (1972). In fact it is not at all necessary to have read any previous Drabble novel to enjoy this one, for the narrator generously explains that "They belong to a different world and a different density. They have wandered into this story from the old-fashioned, Freudian, psychological novel, and they cannot mix and mingle with the guests of Lix Headleand. They should never have been invited. There is not time for them here." In a fictional world governed by the simultaneity and proximity of Good Time and Bad Time, the amazing Miss Porntip's flowers can arrive by air mail for the memo-

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rial service of her deceased lover, but the certainties of the psychological novel may no longer fit.

In *The Gates of Ivory*, Drabble's characters are obsessed by Conrad, but the novel's strengths and weaknesses are Trollopian. Plot is not the strong suit here. Connections and coincidences abound, despite the dedication of this fictional world to lost information and the impossibility of conveying knowledge completely. The strong presence of a commenting, judging, and sometimes lecturing narrator who breaks in to undermine the illusion mixes with a diverse cast of characters possessed of convincing talk, actions, and social relations to produce a flavor familiar and delightful to those who enjoy Trollope.

Drabble is her own novelist, of course, with a distinctive tone. I most enjoy the way she deploys objects in oblique metaphorical relation to one another. In this novel the finger bone that arrives in the mail reappears at later stages of the narrative; it acts as the marker of past and present narratives. As the division between Liz's world and Stephen's closes when Liz finds Miss Porntip in Bangkok, Liz goes shopping for a charm of her own. The scene in which Liz tries on six rings and buys the seventh, with Miss Porntip's expert approval, links the two overlapping and awkwardly fitting quests more convincingly than any intervention by the narrator. When shopping fever gives way to the continuing search for Stephen, Liz finds herself beset in Saigon by an unexpected menstrual period with only two battered and ancient tampons. Toxic Shock Syndrome knocks Liz into the Bad Time of Dream Time, which brings her closer to Stephen Cox than will her search in the real world. This chain of objects—finger bone, ruby, tampon—solidifies the presence of these characters in impossibly coexisting worlds, in Bad Time and Good Time. □

THE POWER OF SILENCE

THE INTERIOR CASTLE
The Art and Life of Jean Stafford
Ann Hulbert
Alfred A. Knopf, $25, 378 pp.

Irving Malin

Although there have been two critical biographies of Jean Stafford in the last few years, they have for the most part stressed the rather easy themes of estrangement and division in her work. They have not dared to analyze significant epistemological and theological problems which troubled her, and for that matter, produced her best work.

Perhaps this critical biography will point the way to a reconsideration of Stafford as a "religious" writer. It is possible to claim that she converted to Catholicism because of the domination of her first husband, the poet Robert Lowell, who was writing his early, contorted, and complex works. But this idea (although partially true) is somewhat "convenient"—and simplistic.

If I consider that Stafford was always interested in the power of language, I also assert that she recognized the difficult, *slippery* value of words. Could they be used to express those experiences "beyond language"? Could she employ them to express the mystical longings she felt? Could language *capture* consciousness?

Stafford's "master" was Henry James (at least in her early novel *Boston Adventure*). She was attracted to James because she recognized that he grappled with similar questions. When I read such "odd" fiction as *The Turn of the Screw*, I recognize that James developed a sophisticated style which, in effect questioned the ability of words to grasp "reality." James was fascinated by the *ghostly vision*, by the *mystical revelation*. (So, of course, were his father and his brother.) But James understood that transcendental—and earthly!—experience eluded him. Words are, in the end, inadequate; they cannot "interpret" the religious experience, the visitation of grace. Thus *The Turn of the Screw* is, finally, a fiction about the limitations of narration and interpretation.

Although Hulbert mentions the Jamesian influence on Stafford, she doesn't emphasize the points I have just made. But she does recognize that Stafford is interested in the ultimate seriousness of words—and their doubtful validity for "visions."

In her most interesting chapter—the chapter which will be used in the future by all Stafford critics—Hulbert stresses the point that "The Interior Castle"—perhaps one of her finest stories and one of the best American stories—is indebted in part to the text of Saint Teresa of Avila. Here is Hulbert: "Teresa's supremely tantalizing and inaccessible castle—a series of glimmering, receding chambers beset by wicked serpents at its walls—provided Stafford with a central symbol: the bounded circle of the self in thrall to darkness without and in search of illumination within." Thus, I again maintain that Stafford's story and, perhaps, many of her best ones deal with the ability of metaphoric language to *render*—a Jamesian word—supernatural experience.

I leap here. Let me suggest that Stafford wrote few works because she understood the meaninglessness of language—the power of silence. Although she tried to write in her later years, she turned to reviews of children's books; to letters to the editor. Hulbert doesn't explain Stafford's reviewing practices. But don't children's books deal indirectly with magical visions, strange illuminations? (Think of Maurice Sendak.) Don't letters to the editor expressing distaste for clichés used by others demonstrate her continuing obsession with the difficulties of words?

I don't want to transform Stafford into a sophisticated philosopher. She is not Wittgenstein!

I may be misreading Hulbert's book in certain ways, but I am, nevertheless, grateful for her brilliant, daring insights. □

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PINNING WAUGH TO THE WALL

EVELYN WAUGH
The Later Years
Martin Stannard
Norton, $25.95, 512 pp.

Robert Murray Davis

In *Death in the Afternoon*, the Old Lady who plays straight person to Hemingway says, "You know I like you less and less the more I know you." His reply: "Madam, it is always a mistake to know an author."

Martin Stannard knows a very great deal about the external facts of Evelyn Waugh's life. After nearly two decades tracking down every conceivable scrap of information about Evelyn Waugh, he has completed the second and final volume of a biography which will probably be the most thorough, will almost certainly be the longest ever devoted to Waugh, and is indisputably an advance over Christopher Sykes's authorized and scandalously sloppy *Evelyn Waugh: A Life* (1975). While Stannard tries at the beginning and end of this second volume to be fair, the body of the book exhibits little generosity of spirit. He doesn't like Waugh a bit.

Waugh was not an easy person to like. Far from suffering fools gladly, he worked hard to insure that fools of any age and rank, including his children, his dearest friends, and his commanding officers, suffered the lash of his wit. And since he defined a fool as anyone given, however temporarily, to self-pity, lapses in logic or manners, or heresy, he was a very busy man.

Put another way, he was abrupt, demanding, manic and depressive, sometimes paranoid, sometimes delusional. He was, by temperament, instinctively uncharitable. His gestures of charity were sometimes barely distinguishable from bullying, as when he threatened John Betjeman with hellfire if he remained obdurate in heresy. He wanted to be an insider, as Stannard observes, but when he got inside—a club, a church, a regiment—he rapidly grew disillusioned at the failure of the institution to meet his expectations or at the institution's demands that he follow its rules. He wanted to be one up on the whole

Waugh discovers America

At the center of his new book Stannard devotes a chapter to Waugh's "American Dream"—his brief preoccupation with the United States, and particularly with American Catholicism. Waugh's work had been widely published and reviewed here from the beginning of his career, but not until *Brideshead Revisited* was selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club in 1945 did he find a large American readership. Flush with his popularity, he traveled to Hollywood to negotiate film rights, and on a tip went to a nearby pet cemetery, and then to "its elaborate counterpart for the defunct plutocracy," Forest Lawn. These, of course, were the models for *The Loved One*'s Happy Hunting Ground and Whispering Glades, which Waugh depicts as the "*reductio ad absurdum* of the humanist belief in life's perfectibility, the dead fruit of the American Dream." Unexpectedly, *The Loved One*, like *Brideshead*, became a stateside best seller, and with royalties from the two books Waugh morbidly refurbished his West Country manor, Piers Court, in order to make it "the opposite of Forest Lawn." (Waugh's stewardship of his U.S. profits, involving a series of adroit tax-evasion schemes, is a source of continuing comedy in Stannard's *The Later Years*.)

In 1948 Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter* became an American best seller, and Waugh took the occasion to anoint his Oxford contemporary and coreligionist as an authentically Catholic writer. After a comical meeting at Mass—"Greene had just emptied his pockets into the box for African missions, and Waugh had taken him to the Ritz for a cocktail"—he wrote a long, laudatory review of the novel, reasoning around its supposed heterodoxy. Having opined that "many Catholics...will gravely misunderstand it, particularly in the United States," he urged his agent to place the review in the U.S. It appeared in *Commonweal* in July 1948; three years later *Commonweal* published Waugh's positive review of Greene's *The End of the Affair*.

Also in 1948, Waugh was sent a copy of Thomas Merton's *The Seven Storey Mountain*, which a friend planned to publish in Great Britain. He wrote a foreword and trimmed the text by a third, as well as cleaning up the book's "linguistic imprecision"—a service that Merton welcomed, as he needed criticism "the way a man dying of thirst needs water"—and the two became friends. (Correspondence recently shown at Columbia University captures their different circumstances: to a letter he wrote to Waugh on plain, creased brown paper, Merton received a reply on a gilded, full-color card featuring pop-up cherubim and seraphim.)

Monk and squire would meet the next year, when Waugh began a project that Stannard calls both "the

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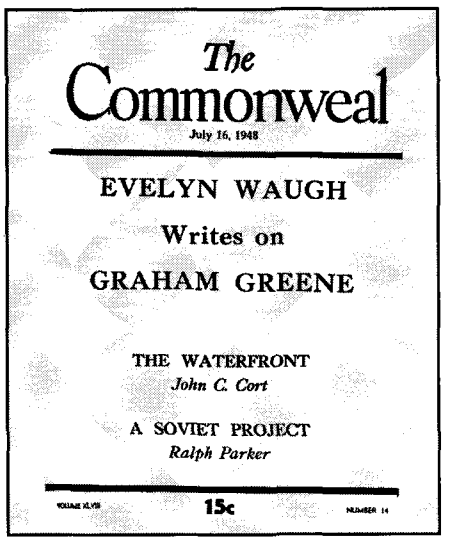
world, or perhaps merely to reinvent it according to the demands of his idiosyncratic imagination.

All of these failings Stannard prosecutes vigorously. By Waugh's own account, he was an unsuccessful soldier. Stannard makes him a not always comic disaster. Waugh, who served in Yugoslavia in World War II, argued that the Yugoslav partisans under Tito would try to suppress the Catholic church in Croatia. Stannard accuses Waugh of special pleading, using what seems the highly disingenuous reasoning of the Foreign Office. Waugh was abrupt with his wife, chose to be elsewhere during her many pregnancies, and frequently remarked that his children bored or distressed him. He complained constantly about a world which treated him not all that badly. He filled his houses with preposterous objects, bought with the proceeds from a tax dodge.

A shilling life, W. H. Auden claimed, will



give you all the facts, and Stannard's volumes cost considerably more than a shilling. What he fails to capture is the spirit.

One apparently minor example is indicative. Stationed in Dubrovnik in 1945, Waugh commissioned a bust of himself from an elderly sculptor. Stannard terms Waugh's attitude "bemused vanity." Waugh's diaries indicate quite other motives: he supplied the old man with money and even scarcer rations; Waugh doubted that the materials could be procured or the work finished (it was, and now resides in Austin, Texas); if it was, "it will be the next best thing to having myself stuffed." Waugh's "wonder" at the preliminary work was not vanity but respect for a fellow craftsman. A biographer with little sense of humor and little sense of Waugh's interest in the physical details of a craft labors under a nearly insuperable handicap.

When Waugh's motives are open to conflicting interpretation, Stannard consistently chooses the less creditable. In fact, he cannot see that mixed motives are possible or for that matter part of the human condition. Nor does he seem to recognize

most serious journalistic assignment of his life" and "the oddest quest of his life." He signed on to write, on the most lucrative terms, a long piece about American Catholicism for *Life*. In two more U.S. visits, he met with key American Catholics: Merton, J.F. Powers, Jacques Maritain ("It quickly emerged that philosopher and novelist had little in common beyond their faith"). In New York, he went to Harlem to see Father Divine ("the nigger who has proclaimed himself God"), dined with the Stravinskys (who had read his books, but spoke only Russian), and took a Cadillac to the Bowery to lunch with Dorothy Day (who asked him to "forgive my class consciousness"). He lectured on Greene, Chesterton, and Ronald Knox at Catholic colleges and met members of the U.S. hierarchy.

In New Orleans for Ash Wednesday, he delighted in the Jesuit church where, across from a tourist-crammed hotel, "the old grim message was being repeated over each penitent: 'Dust thou art and to dust shalt thou return.' One grows parched for that straight style of speech in the desert of modern euphemism...."

In the article, "The American Epoch in the Catholic Church," published in September 1949, Waugh offered insights that have since become commonplace assumptions about the American church—remarkably, considering his "superficial" knowledge of the U.S. and his lack of any one text on American Catholicism. Despite this country's "psychopathic antagonism to paternity and all its symbols," he found American Catholics "in certain ways the most lively branch of the Catholic church in the world." Though tempted to generalize "that American Catholics care little for doctrinal niceties or the ascetic life; that they exalt the natural virtues above the supernatural, and consider good fellowship and material generosity the true ends of man," he observed bishops pronouncing damnation and contemplatives saying the Office. He praised "the heroic fidelity of Negro Catholics," the efforts by which Catholics "have covered their nation with schools," and the "fermentation" represented by magazines like *Commonweal*, while remarking that "the American church up to the present time has produced few illustrious heroes or heroines." In sum, he optimistically took American Catholicism as an example of the life of American Christians generally, which "is point-for-point opposed to the publicized and largely fictitious [American] way of life dreaded in Europe and Asia. And that, by the grace of God, is the 'way of life' that will prevail." Given the developments of the past forty-three years and his loathing of the Second Vatican Council, one thinks Waugh would have come to disavow such a conclusion. But Stannard's biography shows that the man, like the church he wrote about, was full of surprises

PAUL ELIE

Paul Elie, a regular Commonweal *contributor, is writing a collection of short stories.*

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the degree to which Waugh recognized his own failings and struggled, intermittently like most of us, to amend them. Stannard does say that Waugh loved to please, that he could be loyal and generous, and that other people wanted very badly to please him. But there is little evidence in his book to support these generalizations.

The chief point to be made about Waugh was put, with characteristic precision and elegance, by Waugh himself: "it ought always to be disappointing to meet an artist; if his work is not something otherwise invisible in him he can't have the real motive for work. Artists are to be heard and not seen."

What do we hear of Waugh the artist? Surprisingly little. Less even than in Sykes's biography—which, considering the quality of that commentary, is a good thing. Stannard argues, not very convincingly, that *Helena* and *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* are postmodern. More often, he regards the novels as indications of Waugh's psychic state. Stannard uses *Brideshead Revisited* to argue that Waugh was uncomfortable with his heterosexuality and that the novel "anticipates nothing pleasurable but the dim prospect of the Second Coming." This seems a very partial reading of the body of the novel and a gross misunderstanding of its conclusion.

It is true that Waugh found little pleasure in the latter part of his life. In 1962, when he discovered, or thought he discovered, that he had become a bore, his withdrawal from the world accelerated. He depended on his wit to keep the world at bay and to draw it to him, and he lost heart when he thought he could no longer entertain.

Stannard tells this part of the story sympathetically, as if Waugh down were Waugh manageable. But the interesting Waugh was incalculable and unmanageable. He knew himself rather well, and he wanted to be better than he was—not always, but often enough to make him more admirable and certainly more complex than Stannard's version. He was by no means a saint, but he was a very fine writer. That is the Waugh missing from Stannard's book. □

I led the double life that produces the hypocrisy of the liberal equation: white privilege plus white conscience equals a very luxurious form of guilt—angst in the swimming pool, anguish on the golf course, righteous anger at the pass raid on the servants' quarters. I was not killing for it, or dying for it, so I was not part of it; it was not my war, but I was drawn to it by covering it, far more intimately than many South African whites, so I could not help but feel the wrench of opposing forces. I was scorned by the government for supposed bias toward the black cause. But those same people I was purportedly championing threw rocks and gasoline bombs at my car because my skin was the color of the master race created by apartheid.

—Alan Cowell
Killing the Wizards

IN THE LAND OF HIS FOREBEARS

KILLING THE WIZARDS
Wars of Freedom from Zaire to South Africa
Alan Cowell
Simon and Schuster, $23, 267 pp.

Madeline Marget

Killing the Wizards, the result of *New York Times* reporter Alan Cowell's ten-year immersion in Africa, is an informative, beautifully organized book, jampacked with historical and current facts and with Cowell's educated and well-considered interpretation of them. More important, it's about him. Though he's never intrusive, Cowell is always present. He examines his conscience and reveals his feelings, making this journalistic work a valuable meditation as well.

In the subtitle, "to" is the operative word. The second half of *Killing the Wizards* is explicitly devoted to South Africa, but from the beginning of his narrative Cowell points us there. The white tribe of South Africa—the tribe to which apartheid is a philosophy as well as a methodology—for years instigated, encouraged, and underwrote strife among its neighbors. The end of the cold war along with the economic pressure of the West have undermined the enactment of South Africa's shameful policies, but the consequences of South Africa's defense of apartheid are evident through all Cowell's time and travels in Africa.

Reuters sent Cowell to Zambia in 1976. "Going to Africa was a return to the history that had drawn my forebears to a continent of which they were as ignorant as I. But it was also a venture into a modern era stained with the conflicts that had been their bequest." Cowell's sensitive examination of his part in collective guilt is an important theme in *Killing the Wizards*. His passionate feeling for Africa is another. But the book is not one of praise. Greed, barbarism, the lust for power, along with the passionate, small-minded self-protectiveness that permits or engenders the other transgressions pervade the continent.

In Zaire, where President Mobutu's salary matches the national debt, the Belgians' ruthless plunder and precipitous desertion have left poverty, sickness, extreme disorder, and depravity behind. Thirty-two years after independence, no road runs all the way through Zaire from north to south, and the jungle is likely to overtake pipelines before they can be completed. People with AIDS lie untended, corruption and slaughter afflict the populace, and those in power cut their meat with solid gold knives and forks. Cowell quotes Conrad's Mister Kurtz, "The horror! The horror!" to remind us that Zaire is still the Heart of Darkness. It's not alone: in the Central African Republic, Jean-Bedel Bokassa, the emperor, once kept human flesh in a cold room, ready to satisfy his

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cannibalism. Other African countries, such as Angola and Mozambique—once Portugal's—are in ruins.

The African countries Cowell writes about have no real nationhood; the boundaries are the inventions of colonialists. And until very recently, most of the wars, too, were white men's inventions. Cowell delineates and explains both as he brings us closer and closer to apartheid's home.

Cowell is right-minded about the white presence in Africa, without being self-righteous about it. His examination of his own actions and his own conscience are what make *Killing the Wizards* exceptional, and what connects those of us distant from Africa to it. Cowell, as a white man of position, is a beneficiary of racism, and he knows it. Servants, a gin and tonic at sunset, and a luxurious Johannesburg suburb make up his world for much of his time in Africa. He's ashamed of his participation, however tangential, in the injustices privilege grants—as when, for example, he drives a short distance in the rain, while the black man guiding him walks outside.

Ironically, South Africa does not have the astonishing, sometimes primitive, disarray and corruption Cowell finds elsewhere on the continent. He doesn't have to send his dispatches by carrier pigeon or, in order to travel, put a bribe in the hand that reaches under a whitewashed window. In South Africa an easy, pleasant life is accessible to a white person who minds his own business. But it is, of course, Cowell's mission to do the opposite, and he does so with a full heart: His longing for justice fuses with the great struggle he sees.

White and black South Africa, Cowell observes, are today fraught with internal contradictions. To white separatist hardliners, the myths of Afrikaner history are a religion. As apartheid is abandoned, that faith lacks not only an ethical foundation, but also an institutional one. An unjust white South Africa only survives because of the support—perhaps it's fair to say the collusion—of the West. In the past, and today, it has relied also on its huge, enslaved, black labor force. Both these empowering factors are slipping away. Among blacks, charismatic leaders like Nelson Mandela are giving strength and wisdom. But the anger of black youth is intensifying, sometimes taking tragic and destructive forms that threaten to plunge the nation into anarchy. Cowell reports on young men who blame their parents, and their parents' generation, for not having thrown off the oppressor. Some young blacks refuse to go to school (admittedly, because first of all it teaches subservience). Others turn to bombings and knifings and the heinous tire "necklaces" as necessary tools of revolution.

Because of his frank reporting, Cowell was exiled from South Africa in 1987. He visited again in 1990, as the present government turned away from apartheid. Despite these dramatic changes—symbolized by Mandela's release from prison—the future is uncertain. "Kill the wizards," instead of being a cry of black warriors against white invaders, has become one of black tribe against black tribe. Confusion and evil have not disappeared from Africa, and Cowell concludes that some of the optimism he once had was not justified.

Still, at the very end of the book as he flies out of Johannesburg, Cowell writes: "I doubted I would ever be able to say—or want to say—it was all behind me." Cowell succeeds at understanding and explaining the troubled continent where he lived for so long. His loving hope prevails. □

REVIEWERS

SUZANNE KEEN *is an assistant professor of English at Yale University.*

IRVING MALIN *reviewed* The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford *for* Commonweal *in 1969.*

ROBERT MURRAY DAVIS*'s most recent books on Evelyn Waugh are* Evelyn Waugh and the Forms of His Time *(Catholic University Press, 1989) and* Brideshead Revisited: The Past Redeemed *(Twayne, 1990). He is currently writing a book on Waugh in Hollywood.*

MADELINE MARGET *is a frequent* Commonweal *contributor. Her book,* Life's Blood *(Simon & Schuster), was published earlier this year.*

JAMES NEAFSEY *is a retreat leader, spiritual director, and teacher of Christian spirituality from Berkeley, California.*

I'M MYTHIC, YOU'RE MYTHIC

CARE OF THE SOUL
A Guide for Cultivating Depth and Sacredness in Everyday Life
Thomas Moore
HarperCollins, $20, 309 pp.

James Neafsey

Just a few weeks after its publication, Thomas Moore's book, *Care of the Soul*, climbed to the top of the best-seller list in the San Francisco Bay Area. It is not unusual for books on psychology and spirituality to sell briskly here in California, but the breadth and style of this book place it in a different class from the average self-help book. I found it quite useful.

Care of the Soul offers a sophisticated mix of psychology, mythology, theology, art, and practical spirituality. This eclecticism reflects Moore's own intellectual and spiritual odyssey. He spent twelve years in a Catholic religious order, but left the seminary shortly after Vatican II. He then acquired degrees in music and theology, and eventually received a Ph.D. in religious studies from Syracuse University. Later he became an apprentice to James Hillman, an archetypal depth psychologist, who taught him the importance of mythology as a language of the soul. Moore currently works as a psychotherapist, lecturer, and writer. *Care of the Soul* presents his "soul-centered" philosophy and practical approaches to sacredness in ordinary life.

Moore believes that as a culture we are not so much drifting away from spirituality, but are, in a certain sense, more spiritual than we need to be. According to Moore spirituality traditionally refers to

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"any attempt to approach or attend to the invisible factors in life and to transcend the personal, concrete, finite particulars of this world." It is associated with a "quest for the highest vision, universal moral principles, and liberation from the limitations of ordinary human life." Spirituality in this sense can function as a countercultural force of liberation in societies characterized by rigid social roles, strong ties to family and clan, reverence for ancestral traditions, and embeddedness in the natural order. Under such conditions, spirituality can open up a realm of freedom and possibility beyond the constrictions and limitations of everyday life.

But in a society like our own, an entirely different approach is required. Ties to family, community, and tradition are already weakened by a pervasive climate of individualism. Appreciation of art and symbol and the sense of felt connection to nature and our own bodies are undermined by an overly abstract and intellectualized approach to life. The sense of transcendence, detachment, and flight from the everyday world emphasized in traditional spiritualities runs the risk of reinforcing our cultural bias toward historical dislocation, social alienation, and lack of felt connection to ordinary life.

The root of the problem, Moore believes, is loss of soul. The term soul, like spirit, never quite reaches the status of a "clear and distinct idea." In the book, its meaning unfolds only gradually in images and associations. Shaped more by Renaissance philosophers, Romantic poets, and depth psychologists than by dogmatic theologians, Moore's idea of "soul" refers to a quality or dimension of experience that has to do with depth, value, relatedness, feeling, and imagination. In contrast to the transcendent quality of spirit, soul is "tied to life in all its particulars—good food, satisfying conversation, genuine friends, and experiences that stay in the memory and touch the heart. Soul is revealed in attachment, love, and community, as well as in retreat on behalf of inner communing and intimacy."

Caring for soul consists in bringing imagination—a "poetics"—to common issues and struggles related to family, childhood, romantic love, and other everyday issues. Moore explores the ways we typically imagine, or fail to imagine, the deeper dimensions of meaning present in ordinary situations. He attempts to stretch our imagination wide enough to embrace contradiction and paradox by amplifying these personal human dramas with plots and characters from ancient myths. He uses the language of myth to consciously articulate the needs and desires of the soul that are, as it were, speaking unconsciously through our personal problems. By touching the universal stories at the core of personal stories, a sense of depth and mystery is restored to everyday life. Moore points out that listening to the voice of soul is quite different from engaging in problem solving. Change takes place, but not according to our conscious plans or as a result of the muscular efforts of the ego. Care for the soul need not be problem-centered at all. Another way to cultivate soul is to live daily life artfully. Art is an invitation to contemplation, and Moore describes living artfully in terms of bringing contemplative attention and artistic sensitivity to the details and choices of daily life.

Care of the soul is fundamentally a sacred art rather than a secular science. The needs of the soul simply can't be met within a modern, secular, ego-centered paradigm. Soul requires a religious sensibility and an active spiritual life.

Moore's discussion of the relationship between soul-making and formal religion is the least satisfying aspect of the book. He suggests that a return to formal religion may be good for the soul if this can be accomplished in an intellectually and emotionally satisfying way. This may require becoming a "personal reformer" to one's inherited religious traditions, as Moore himself claims to have become in relation to his own Catholic roots. He assumes that most of his readers share his problematic relationship to institutional religion. His intention seems to be to reach out to those alienated from formal religious practice in order to encourage them to take a second look at the soul-making potential of sacred texts and rituals. But his relationship to Catholic tradition impressed me as somewhat soft and nostalgic. Moore recalls fondly the beeswax candles, relics, and rubrics of his Catholic boyhood, but he offers very little on the soul-making opportunities presented by participation in a living community of faith. His spirituality seems in the end too private and individualistic to satisfy the deep longing of the soul for engagement with a particular community and embodiment in a particular religious tradition. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 2)

law, and could not be enforced without causing social evils more serious than those rising out of Prohibition.

Laws *regulating* abortion—e.g., the Pennsylvania statute's provision promoting informed consent—are in another category. Public opinion polls and election results make clear that considerable numbers of people in many regions of the country oppose abortion on demand and support state laws imposing certain conditions. Many of these people believe, with considerable support even from some prochoice scholars of the law, that the Supreme Court has acted legislatively rather than judicially in preempting the power of state legislatures to regulate abortion; that the effect of the *Roe* decision and others has been to settle the question of fetal status by imposing on the country the moral judgment of the Court's majority; that, by so acting, the Court, insulated as it is from the will of the people by lifetime appointments, has acted tyrannically.

The counterargument, of course, is that the Court need not and ought not respond to the will of majorities where constitutionally guaranteed basic rights are in question. That argument, in our view, simply begs the question of whether the abortion decision involves the rights of only one living human being, or more than one. Nothing in the Constitution, or its "penumbra," speaks to that question. Nothing in the Court's decisions pretends to resolve it. Tens of millions of Americans differ from the *assumption* embodied in *Roe* that the question can be ignored.

Absent clear constitutional guidance, then, this tortuous moral issue should be addressed by legislatures, not courts, since legislatures, however messily, better re-

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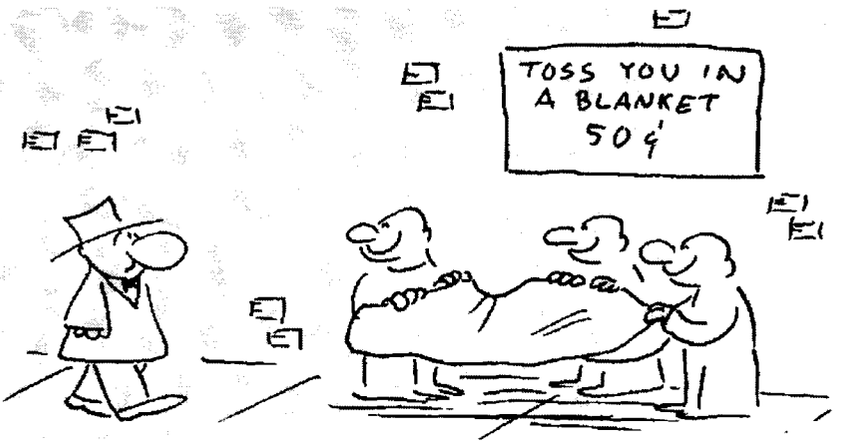

flect the people's wishes, simply because their members are elected. That argument is open to rebuttal, but it's hardly "totalitarian."

Abortion & reality

Woodstock, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your editorial argues that it "defies common sense, moral logic, and the example of other countries" to contend that access to abortion is a prerequisite for women's equality. That strikes me as a typically male perspective.

The true bottom line in the abortion debate is the woman's ability to choose how she lives her life, whom she loves and cares for, what work she does and when, whether she will have the same starting position as a man or a similar one. Since men don't have to make the choice of having their bodies be their own, or be possessed by a man or a baby, and simply make their love, work, and spiritual choices based on circumstance, opportunity, and God's will, how is it that men can presume to judge when, how, and if a pregnancy may be terminated?

In this country (I don't know about others) the community in which an unmarried woman, or a woman in a bad marriage, or in a family without resources becomes pregnant is not, as a rule, supportive of her and her life or the life of the child to come. This community resents and fights paying child support, refuses to place education as a priority, wastes its adolescents in consuming and crime, and still places barriers to participation by women in a great number of areas, including government, education, corporate, and religious leadership. This community tolerates unequal pay for equal work, sexual harassment on the job, denial of due process in the courts with respect to rape and sex discrimination.

This is our life. Until you have walked a mile in my high-heeled, pointy-toed shoes, do not presume to speak for me or my sisters. Spend some time with a poor family with a pregnant thirteen-year-old, or a battered wife who is pregnant with her fifth child. Educate yourself about the "economic and social life" of women in the community you call home by listening to the women. SONDRA SPRINKLING

A matter of perspective

Fairfield, Conn.

To the Editors: Re the editorial "Saving Lives" [June 19]: As hard as I try to understand both positions on abortion, I don't fully grasp the consequences of the prolife view. What happens to unwanted human life after birth? What guarantees are prolifers prepared to make to survivors? If a newborn were able to testify before Congress as do those whose special interests you describe, what price would they put on life? What is the "moral legitimacy" of this question?

GERARD COULOMBE

From the editors: Whether or not it's morally legitimate, the penultimate question is unanswerable, since newborns don't have discernible opinions, even about their own survival. It may be relevant, however, that practically all oldborns who testify before Congress seem to favor living, with or without guarantees—at least for themselves. So do members of Congress, presidents, cabinet members, justices of the Supreme Court, inhabitants of death row, and prochoice lobbyists.

Playing with numbers

Dayton, Ohio

To the Editors: I want to call attention to an aspect, or a sidelight, of the U.S. Catholic bishops' meeting at Notre Dame briefly mentioned in Jim Bowman's report [July 17]—what Bowman calls a "parallel" meeting of groups concerned with current church issues. A chief feature of that gathering was the release of data gathered by the Gallup Organization in a national survey of Catholics sponsored by Catholics Speak Out, the Association for the Rights of Catholics in the Church, the Women's Ordination Conference, Call to Action, CORPUS, Dignity/USA, FutureChurch, and New Ways Ministry.

I have some sympathy for many of the goals of these groups, which together constitute a Catholic reform movement, and I know that the people involved are for the

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most part loyal and dedicated Catholics who are often justifiably frustrated with the status quo. Moreover, I have no problem with the survey itself; it appears to be a responsibly done study.

I do have difficulties, serious ones, with the interpretations the sponsoring groups put on the Gallup findings in the press release they issued. One expects a certain amount of spin control in such announcements. In this case, in my view, the presentation distorts the survey results in an effort to prove what the data themselves do not support: that the American Catholic lay people and American Catholic bishops "are increasingly at odds with each other on virtually every church issue."

The headline on the release, for example, proclaims a "QUIET BUT MASSIVE REVOLUTION IN CATHOLIC OPINION ON CHURCH ISSUES." This is a selective reading of the survey data, achieved in part by focusing all but exclusively on questions of sex, gender, and authority (women priests, married priests, birth control, abortion, etc.). If the sponsors had a different agenda, they could as easily have used other data in the survey to proclaim: "U.S. CATHOLICS AGREE WITH POPE ON RACISM," or "CATHOLICS LAG BEHIND ON ECONOMIC JUSTICE." But the discussion of social issues in the release is almost like a footnote at the end. The release does take note of the survey's finding that Pope John Paul II is extremely popular—84 percent of respondents agreed that he is "doing a good job in leading the church"—but then explains it away: it's only a matter of the pope's personal style.

"The human comedy. How did it all start?"

The release further manipulates the survey by lumping together groups of respondents who may think very differently from each other. We are told, for example, that only 13 percent of U.S. Catholics agree with the bishops that abortion is never a morally responsible choice. This is done by collating three other groups of respondents: those who replied that abortion can be a responsible moral choice *rarely* (41 percent); *in many circumstances* (26 percent); and *in all circumstances* (15 percent). If the sponsors were to slice the statistical pie in another way, they could just as easily (and as manipulatively) have emphasized that 85 percent of lay Catholics agree with the bishops that abortion can be a morally irresponsible choice. Using the same technique on the legality of abortion, one can show *either* that only 13 percent of the laity agree with the bishops that abortion should never be legal, *or* that nearly 70 percent agree with the bishops in opposing abortion on demand. The press release went out of its way to stress only the amount of disagreement

The result of these maneuvers is to portray the laity in this country as a bloc solidly lined up against the hierarchy. But if one takes the data as a whole into account, they reveal a complex spectrum of opinions among lay Catholics on controversial issues, with some at either extreme but with most people somewhere in the middle. Even on gender and authority issues, where the percentages of lay people holding opinions at variance with Vatican views are admittedly significant, and growing, the picture is not a simple one. Moreover, even on these issues, as Andrew Greeley has pointed out (*New York Times*, June 19), the survey does not justify speaking of a "massive revolution," since it provides no indication of how important the issues are to the respondents.

The news release further hyperbolizes the laity-hierarchy split by portraying the bishops as if they all agree to a monolithic and repressive position on every church-related issue. This approach ignores the evidence of diversity among the bishops themselves (evidence clearly on display on the Notre Dame campus at the very moment the Gallup data were published). The release does not acknowledge the mediating and often progressive role that the bishops have played in relations between the Vatican and the U.S. church. And by implication it attributes positions held by some bishops to the hierarchy as a whole. The impression is given that "the bishops" favor employment discrimination against homosexuals, believe they themselves should make decisions on sexual issues without consulting lay people, teach that Catholics must never vote for candidates who support legalized abortion. On each of these issues the policy and practice of the bishops taken as a whole is in fact more complex than the survey sponsors allow.

Everyone knows there are hot unresolved issues in the church that have some groups pitted against others; most people would agree that it's useful to know the numbers, so that the sponsors performed a valuable service by commissioning the survey. But in any potential dialogue it is unhelpful to begin by making grossly inaccurate generalizations about the opposing positions. The use of such tactics by Catholics Speak Out and the other groups will hurt rather than help their cause. In their aggressive posture it is hard to discern the Christian spirit that might provide a real link with the masses of lay Catholics.

DENNIS M. DOYLE

The writer teaches in the department of religious studies at the University of Dayton. He is the author of a forthcoming book, The Church Emerging from Vatican II *(Twenty-Third Publications).*

The language barrier

New Orleans, La.

To the Editors: Bravo! Robert J. Carraro's article on the Japanese language ["Ambiguity & Hierarchy: Why Americans Don't Get It," June 5] was well done. Having been a missioner in Japan most of the time between 1956 and 1984, and as a student of all things Japanese, I share his conclusion that the Japanese "have not yet acquired....a belief in a common destiny with the rest of the world." I know. That's what kept me in Japan almost thirty years. Until the Japanese accept that all human beings are children of the same Creator, they are their own worst

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enemies at home and abroad.

During my early years in Japan, the late Edwin O. Reischauer was U.S. ambassador. Though he was fluent in Japanese, he always spoke English at news conferences with the Japanese media, presumably to give him more time to probe the nuances during the translations—which he could also monitor. Too bad the rest of us don't have his advantages!

WALTER KELLEHER, M.M.

'Oleaginous' essayist

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editors: Margaret O'Brien Steinfels's excellent review of Roger Rosenblatt's *Life Itself: Abortion in the American Mind* [June 19] gave form and substance to my previously undiagnosed irritation with the oleaginous essayist Roger Rosenblatt.

One additional point about Rosenblatt's analysis: Implicitly it further establishes abortion as an issue about which people of good will but opposing viewpoints can commiserate and must, the inference is, eventually just agree to disagree. "Permit but discourage" translates: "It's unpleasant, but not heinous"—not unlike the analogy of another reviewer who mocked: "No, Hodgkins, you *may* still lynch blacks, but you must do it with a proper anguish."

This points to the wisdom of the American bishops' apparent "zero-tolerance" discussion policy, namely that abortion is a truly unspeakable crime and that even to debate the issue is to recognize abortion as a morally tolerable or negotiable resort. Like the whole Rodney King event, the more we "dialogue" the savagery, the less savage it becomes.

JOHN PAUL ARNERICH

Change the editor

Barquisimeto, Venezuela

To the Editors: Mail service is bad here, so that I have only now seen your issue of February 14, with its feature article on Anna Quindlen. It leads me to ask where a liberal Catholic can turn for a good magazine. Certainly not to *Commonweal*! You sold out to the sensational culture with this piece, which is worthy of a supermarket tabloid. I find the heading that says Anna Quindlen is "still a Catholic" simply a contradiction.

Ms. Quindlen speaks, for example, of "pastors who say individual conscience is not important." I know of no pastors who say this. What some of us pastors do say is: The individual conscience is supreme, *provided* every effort is made to make it an informed conscience. Ms. Quindlen's obvious bias against the hierarchy makes this impossible in her case.

With respect to abortion, the key is that it contemplates the ending of *possible* human life, which inevitably introduces an element of doubt. Where in the church's teaching is it said that a doubtful conscience can be acted upon without moral guilt?

The *Commonweal* of the past, when it had a soul, was a delight. Maybe its editor, like its moral position, needs to be changed.

(REV.) WILLIAM KALIN

Countless goodies

Alexandria, Va.

To the Editors: Thank you for the issue of June 5. I can hardly enumerate all the good things in it. Nancy Haegel's "Eureka Moments: The Prayers of an Engineer" was another fine contribution to an outstanding series. Abigail McCarthy's and David Carlin's columns were as insightful as ever, Pamela Gross's "Bowline" rich, Edward McKenna's papal profile interesting, and Lawrence Cunningham's reviews once again of the sort that make me wish I had access to a library that purchases some of the books he notes.

NEALE J. BAXTER

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